

Children's Newspaper, March 5, 1927

Has the Animal Kingdom a Wireless System? See My Magazine for March

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

Number 415

Week Ending  
MARCH 5, 1927

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

## TROOPER FOWLER SEES IT THROUGH

See  
Page  
Four

### A DOG AND A CAT ALONE

#### THE LITTLE SHIP THAT SAILED AWAY

Sad Story of a Fog Adventure in the Channel

#### ENGINES RUNNING ON A MANLESS VESSEL

It must have been a queer experience for the crew of the Norwegian collier Roa to hear their ship, which they had abandoned for lost, steaming away without them in the fog, with only a dog and a cat on board. It is a sad story.

For days together fog stopped almost all movement in the Channel and the mouth of the Thames. Hundreds of vessels cast anchor where they stood till the fog should lift. Others tried their best to feel their way into port. It was one of these that the little Roa, of only 460 tons burden, encountered when the Spanish steamer Gordyudla, more than six times her size, appeared suddenly and cut her almost in two.

#### On the Sinking Ship

The Gordyudla backed and disappeared, and the Roa's crew launched their lifeboat just as she began to heel over. They had not even time, they say, to stop her engines. They got away in about two minutes, leaving on board as sole crew a dog and a cat, which bolted when they tried to catch them.

Every moment the crew in the lifeboat expected to see the ship go down, but she disappeared in the fog as the Gordyudla had disappeared, her engines steadily throbbing and her lights all on. As the minutes passed and the throbbing continued uninterrupted they grew alarmed. What further disasters might not their vessel cause wandering unguided through the fog? For a full hour they heard and pursued the throbbing. Then it died away, but so far as they could judge it was distance and not sinking that made the silence.

#### Fruitless Search in the Fog

Hearing a ship's siren, they made for it and came upon the Gordyudla, which had cast anchor. They were taken on board and, from her wireless, sent out a warning of the danger from the crewless vessel. In response a Dover Harbour tug was sent out to renew the search, but by this time nothing was visible a dozen yards from the bows, and the search had to be abandoned.

But the Roa's crew, borrowing a compass from the Gordyudla, climbed down into their boat once more and set out on a renewed search. They soon had to abandon it, and made for the shore. Nothing more was heard of the Roa, and whether her further voyage was long or short it evidently involved no further collision. It was days before the fog lifted, and long before that the poor collier must have sunk, with her dog and her cat aboard her, alas!

### We Are Seven



When the photographer wanted to take a picture of these Scotch Terriers the three puppies were so restless that their mistress gathered them up in her arms, as seen here

### THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART

THERE is a sorrowing dog wandering somewhere near Lossiemouth in Scotland, and we hope somebody is being kind to him. His dear lady, Christina MacDonald, has died and left him alone.

Everybody in North Scotland knew Christina. She was a street singer and lived in a cave near Lossiemouth. She had the vagabond's horror of the Poor-house. She did not mind living in a cave and bearing all kinds of hardships, but she could not endure the thought of being shut-up and made to obey rules.

But Christina became very ill, and the horror of the Poor-house loomed greater than ever. If she had to die, she wanted to die there where she had lived, under the wide and starry sky, and within sound of the sea.

People got to know that she was dangerously ill, and the police decided that she must be looked after till she was better. Christina, with very little life left in her, wrapped her shawl round her shoulders and ran away. For two miles they traced her by her dog, and when the police found the old

singer she said a word to her guardian and he turned savagely on the men. They had brought a stretcher, but before Christina could be touched they had a desperate fight with the dog.

At last he gave up, helpless and barking savagely, saw his dear lady (who was the most beautiful thing in the world to him) lifted on to the stretcher and carried away. Soon after the life fled from the worn body of the street singer. Her last friend is her chief mourner, grieving as dogs can.

### THE WORK OF A MILLION MEN LOST

One of the greatest works going on in the world is the study of insects to find means of destroying them and minimising their ravages on crops.

Some of the foremost naturalists are concentrating on the problem of insect warfare. Their estimate of the destruction caused last year by insects is that the labour of one million men has been lost, and four hundred million pounds' worth of material made useless by them.

### ONE CROWDED HOUR

#### A Bear's Run Round the Show

#### BRUIN AT THE TOFFEE STALL

Thousands of people were walking about inspecting the sights of the North London Home Exhibition at Alexandra Palace when suddenly a woman screamed and made a dive for safety.

A huge bear was shambling along. He had walked out of a stage door where a revue was being practised, and thought he would make the best of an unexpected hour off. He shuffled along quite unconcerned at the commotion he caused, for he carried a tender, toffee-loving heart under his ferocious exterior, and had not the faintest idea of hugging anyone to death. But no one stopped to think that appearances might be against him.

#### Butterscotch and Soap

Bruin's nose led him straight to the toffee stall. What the stallholder felt when he saw a bear swing round the corner, raise himself on his hind legs, and help himself to a large piece of butterscotch, has not been put on record. The bear licked and licked and chewed a bit, and then went on. He wanted to enjoy to the full his one short hour of glorious life, and was afraid to spend too much time on a toffee stick.

Close by was a soap and scent stall. Bruin had the stall to himself. A stick of shaving soap caught his eye, and he started on that. It seemed a bad exchange for butterscotch, and with a snort of rage, which made his ferocious countenance still more ferocious, he flung it down and passed on.

The next thing he noticed was a tiny theatre where mannequins were parading. He knew all about theatres, and thought it would be amusing for an old hand to see the stage from the stalls instead of the other way about; but all the ladies had fled, and Bruin walked on.

#### An Audience Disappears

Soon he came to a bandstand where the Welsh Guards were playing to an appreciative audience. The bandmaster and the band suddenly felt rather hurt. They saw all their listeners disappearing, and that was very hard, as they were just playing the finest piece of their repertory.

This, however, had no charms for Bruin, and he forthwith set out in search of another thrill. A patent-medicine stand came next, but he was sensible and walked away, and then he felt a tingle of joy. Ices were in the offing, and a bowl of custard, too. He licked up the custard, and turned to find another before he went on to ices. Then he had a bitter moment, for his trainer was standing at his side, muzzle in hand.

Bruin resigned himself to the inevitable. A few minutes later the crowds reassembled and watched with great interest a performing bear being led along. It was astonishing how brave they felt now!



## SWUNG OVER A GORGE

### A Great Adventure Blindfold

#### THRILLING STORY FROM TABLE MOUNTAIN

Mr. Frank Cook, of Cape Town, an experienced mountaineer, has just gone through an ordeal he will not easily forget. He owes his life to his companion, Mr. Byng, a man who knows very little about climbing and a great deal about courage and endurance.

These two, roped together, were trying to make a new path up the west face of Table Mountain. When they were about 1000 feet above the African gorge, Mr. Cook slipped and fell.

With instant presence of mind Mr. Byng slipped the connecting rope over a rock and put his hand between the rope and the surface of the rock to prevent it from fraying and snapping. The pull on the rope and on the man's hand when Cook was caught up on his fall was terrible. Cook crashed against a cliff and broke his thigh.

#### Holding the Rope for Hours

He lay there on a ledge helpless, while above him the novice at mountaineering crouched, his torn hand against the rock, hour after hour holding the rope in place.

He succeeded in attracting attention, and a party went to the rescue, two members letting themselves down the cliff face, supported by three lengths of 60-foot rope joined together. They carried blankets, food, firewood, and first-aid material; and the injured man was made comfortable on the ledge for the night. The next morning he was blindfolded, swung out over that terrible gorge, and hauled 1000 feet up to safety.

## A SILK HAT ON A WALKING-TOUR

### Odd Ways of a Good Man

Three professors once planned a walking-tour in Surrey.

They were all learned men, but the most distinguished of all was George Greenhill, already a famous mathematician, who was later on to be knighted for his scientific achievements. The other scholars were first at the starting-point, and very countrified they looked in tweeds and stout boots, with knapsacks on their shoulders. At last they saw Greenhill coming, and to their horror he was wearing a silk hat and frock coat, while his night things were in a little cardboard box he carried in one hand.

This story, and others like it, have often been told of him, and now that he is dead his friends still think with affection of his eccentricity as well as speaking with pride of his world-wide mathematical fame and his practical work in aeronautics and gunnery.

Sir George's eccentricity was based on his honesty. He never bothered about what people thought of him or how he looked, but, putting on the first clothes he found handy, he set off quite untroubled, whether for the Athenaeum Club or for a walking-tour it was all the same.

## HERE LIES A VILLAGE

### A Snowstorm in Japan

CAUTION: There is a village below this spot.

That is the pathetic notice on sign-boards set up the other day on the snow in a district of Northern Japan.

There has been the worst snowstorm there for many years and in one district 120 houses were destroyed and over a hundred people lost their lives. Whole villages have been buried under thirty feet of snow.

## OLIVER ASKS FOR MORE

### How They Kept Dickens's Birthday

#### A PLAY ON A LORRY

*Oliver rose from the table and, advancing to the Master, basin and spoon in hand, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity, "Please, Sir, I want some more."*

The workhouse in which Charles Dickens made *Oliver Twist* ask for more gruel than the regulations allowed has often been supposed to be the one in Mint Street, near Borough High Street, in South London, and a society of Dickens lovers the other day played the scene on a lorry on the very spot in celebration of Dickens's birthday.

A crowd of children from the council school, known as the Dickens school because Dickens lived near it as a boy, watched the acting with delight, little realising what the story had done for the waifs of the Borough and many another haunt of squalor in days gone by.

The mimic Master and Mr. Bumble, we are told, were not half fierce enough in their treatment of the too daring Oliver on the lorry, and the workhouse matron was much too kindly-looking. But Willie Wilcox, aged 13, a scholar at Dickens School, played Oliver to the life, and his tears moved all hearts to pity. It is said that Oliver's sorrows moved him to real tears during rehearsal.

## THE MAN WITH A POCKET OF AIR

### How He Kept Alive

If ever a man was in a hopeless fix it was a stoker who went down with a tug that had been towing a liner to her moorings at Bremerhaven.

As the tug sank the men on deck escaped, but the stoker was below, and was given up for lost. The tug, after sinking, turned over on her side. The water was shallow and she was partly visible.

More than that, she was audible, for long after all hope of the stoker had been given up sounds were heard from inside the tug. The desperate man, who was in the submerged stokehold, had still a little pocket of air left to breathe.

A diver was sent for, who bored a hole in the tug's side, through which air could be pumped through a tube to the stokehold. The air thus pumped in, to reinforce the air already there, kept the water at bay till, five hours afterwards, the man was rescued.

In the last few minutes of this heroic adventure the water rose up to the lips of the imprisoned man.

## STILL MORE POWERFUL RAYS

### Dr. Coolidge and His Wonderful Tube

Electric rays travelling at a speed of nearly a million miles a second are likely to be produced when Dr. Coolidge has completed his new experiments.

Some time ago we were told of a new tube of his invention which was excited by a voltage of 350,000, and drove cathode rays through a thin metal window at a speed of 150,000 miles a second. These rays have already been proved to possess remarkable properties, but their full powers have by no means been discovered. By passing them through a second tube Dr. Coolidge thinks he can produce still more powerful rays, and by using a cascade of four tubes he will be able to obtain the effect of a million volts.

An entirely new world of experiment will be opened up by this work, which may lead to important discoveries about atomic structure, and greatly influence the electrical treatment of disease.

## HEROES ALL

### Courage Knows No Colour

Harry Smith is an ordinary name, but this year it has become a glorious one, because a sailor bearing it has been given a medal for one of the bravest deeds recorded in 1926.

Harry Smith was mate of the steam-drifter *Sarepta* when that little vessel was ploughing to Lowestoft from the fishing-grounds one stormy day last autumn. So bad was the weather that one of the crew, a man named Marjoram, was flung overboard by a lurch of the vessel. He was swiftly borne 300 yards astern of the drifter.

The *Sarepta* was put about and a life-buoy thrown, but Marjoram, who was wearing heavy sea-boots and oilskins, could not reach it.

Then the mate went overboard—swam through the fearful seas, and held up Marjoram. Another buoy with a line attached was thrown, and Smith managed to get it. After much difficulty both men were rescued, on the point of collapse, Marjoram being unconscious. For this gallant deed the Royal Humane Society awarded the mate of the *Sarepta* their gold medal.

#### Overcome by Fumes

Another heroic story comes from an oil-tanker, the *Bloomfield*. Captain Niels Nielsen was master of the tanker, whose second engineer was overcome by benzol gas fumes while repairing a pump in one of the ship's tanks. The first engineer went to his aid and was also overcome. Meanwhile gas helmets had been sent for and tackle was being rigged up, but Captain Nielsen, fearing it might be too late, went into the tank without them and fell a victim like the others. Within ten minutes the three officers were rescued by sailors wearing gas helmets, and the two engineers were revived by artificial respiration, but the captain never recovered. The King has awarded the dead man the Silver Medal for Gallantry.

We do not know the names of the *Craigmin* heroes, but it is recorded of them that when their ship was sinking in a storm the *Chestnut* (a herring-boat like the *Craigmin*) came to their aid. While the other men were being taken aboard the *Chestnut*, the skipper of the *Craigmin* stayed at the wheel of the sinking ship and the engineer stayed below, both helping to keep the ship in position for the sake of their comrades. It is good to know that they, too, were rescued in time.

#### In an Assam Coal Mine

The gallantry of Bhikam Sirdar and Kristo Kamar won them the Edward Medal from the King. Last spring sections of a coal-mine in Assam caught fire, and three Europeans with 40 coolies were overcome by gas fumes. Bhikam Sirdar, a contractor, happened to be visiting the mine, and noticed the smell. Calling Kristo Kamar to help him, he went down into the fire area, and at great peril to themselves they brought some of the miners to safety. Others had now arrived, and Bhikam Sirdar organised a rescue party, which eventually got out all the injured men. Both Bhikam Sirdar and Kristo Kamar risked such a death for themselves in the burning mine.

So we see that the poet was wrong; East and West do meet, in courage at any rate.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Arezzo . . . . . Ah-ret-so  
Dionysius . . . . . Di-o-niss-e-us  
Ephesus . . . . . Ef-e-sus  
Ghirlandaio . . . . . Geer-lan-dah-yo  
Guarnerius . . . . . Gwar-nay-re-us  
Medici . . . . . Med-e-chee

## THE BIG FAIR

### Great Shop Window of British Trade

#### SHOWS IN LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM

Ever since Greeks and Phoenicians came to ancient Britain in search of trade, drawn perhaps by the tales of tin-mining in the far-famed Cassiterides, which some believe to have been the Scilly Isles, the people of other races have come to Britain to buy and sell the things of commerce.

They still come, and they have been coming in great numbers to the British Industries Fair, which is like a great shop window of British Trade.

This year the Fair, which the Prince of Wales opened the other day, seems likely to be a record in every way. It is held in two sections, one at London for the light industries, the other at Birmingham for the heavy industries, and it is apparent that a great number of people from other countries have come to examine and buy our products. There is scarcely an industry in the country which is not represented.

#### A Heroic Age in Industry

Standing in these long avenues, where the crowd of visitors can see the multitude of things that are made, and hear the rhythmic hum and pulse of a host of machines, great and small, which are the product of the engineer's fertile brain, it seems truly as if we are entering upon the heroic age in industry. There is much of the arts of peace, and little, if anything, of the ugly devices of war. All the skill that the human mind has acquired in the wielding of tools and the creation of machinery is represented. If all this power and ingenuity could be organised for the good of mankind, how quickly our industrial problems would disappear!

It is fitting that a large section of the Fair should be held in the heart of the Midlands, for it was not far from there that Watt and Stephenson, Boulton and Murdock, and the rest laid the foundations of the industry of today; nor is it far to the sites of the earliest activities with iron in this country, the places where the rough ore was smelted in crude hearths in caves or on the open ground.

#### Catalogue in Nine Languages

They have had great difficulty at Birmingham this year in accommodating all the firms that wanted space. A vast area of 120,000 square feet has been added, but even this is not enough.

The Fair catalogue has been printed in nine languages, and a big consignment of 11,000 copies has been despatched to Europe, North and South America, and other countries.

## THINGS SAID

We are a nation of over-eaters.

Rev. Edgar Ball

I still think the good is predominant over the bad. The Recorder of London

Long hair will come in again as sunshine follows rain.

M. Marcel

Of all exercises of human faculty Literature and Art tread nearest to God.

Mr. George Saintsbury

There never has been real progress in any race that has not the will for self-sacrifice.

Sir Arthur Keith

The best foreign secretary this country ever saw was a woman. Her name was Elizabeth.

Mr. Lloyd George

Countries with overflowing populations will not long tolerate an empty Australia.

Rev. J. D. Jones

The two greatest crimes are laziness and the self-satisfaction which allows a man to lean back in his chair and be satisfied.

Mr. Selfridge



## A BOY IN THE ARCTIC GREAT TIME AMONG THE ESKIMOS

Adventure with the Man Who Nearly Reached the Pole

### BOB BARTLETT SHOWS DAVID A NEW WORLD

DAVID GOES TO GREENLAND. By David Pinnay Putnam. (Putnam's, 6s.)

If you travel toward the North Pole you may one day see a dog-team racing over the snows, driven by someone as wonderful as Santa Claus.

In a wooden house on the icy shores of North Greenland lives Dr. Rasmussen, a woman. Sometimes a sick Eskimo comes to her and then she nurses him in her own home, but more often she has to travel across dangerous seas or snow-covered mountains to a native settlement miles away, where someone is lying sick. She has a boat sturdy enough to force its way through the ice-pack in good times, but when the very seas are frozen for weeks she must harness her dog-team to a sledge.

#### A Lucky Boy

Surely no doctor goes his rounds in stranger fashion than this fine Danish woman, who has given up all the pleasures of civilisation to do her merciful work amid the eternal snows. A meeting with her is only one of the things we envy David Putnam. Although only thirteen, he has been on two scientific expeditions and has written books about both. His first volume has already been noticed in the C.N., and we can confidently say that all who enjoyed it will like his second even more.

David went with his father to get specimens of Arctic creatures for a museum. Their ship, the *Morrisey*, was a two-masted Newfoundland fishing schooner, and their skipper was Captain Bob Bartlett, who went to the Arctic with Peary in 1909, and would have stood at the North Pole with Peary if the American had not chosen to take a black man. They steamed far north of the Arctic Circle, were shipwrecked, refloated their vessel, lost a propeller in Davis Strait, and had to sail home 1,400 miles through a couple of big gales.

#### To Ultima Thule

The expedition visited Thule, which is farther north than any other trading station and was established by the Danish explorer Knud Rasmussen to help the Eskimos of Smith Sound. A Dane had lived in that desolate place for six years, and the *Morrisey* was the first boat seen for twelve months.

In the course of the voyage David saw a number of living sharks tethered to a native wharf like boats. He saw an Eskimo in his kayak (a boat made of skin) rolling round and round in the water, turning completely over. When an American tried to do the same thing he only got half-way, and would have drowned head downward if he had not been rescued, amid loud Eskimo laughter.

#### What Captain Bartlett Thinks

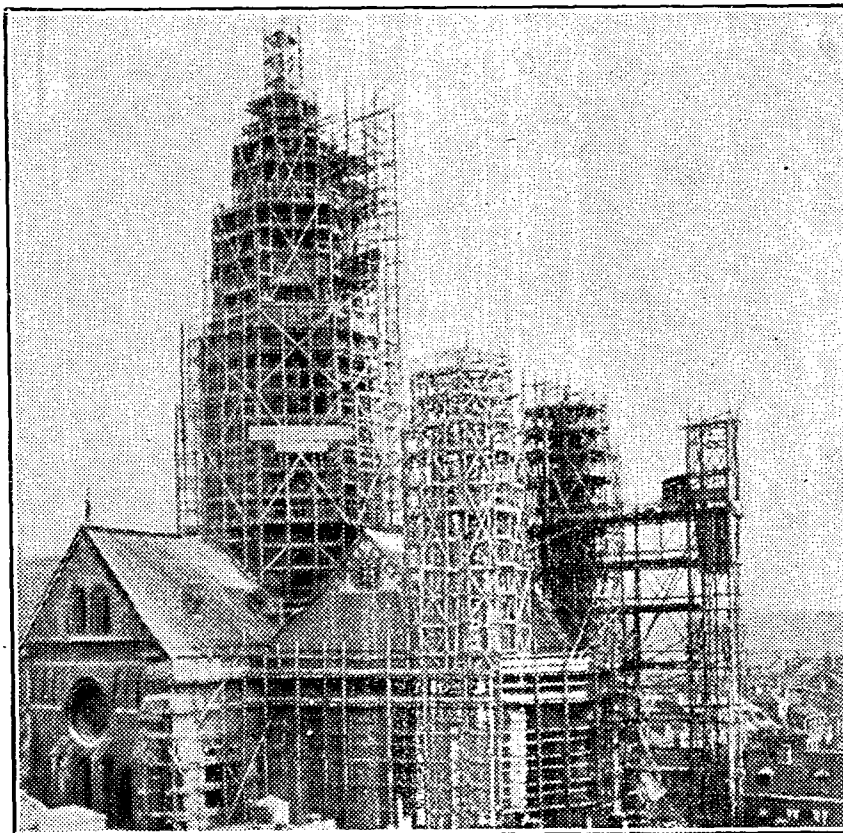
David also saw a savage fight between a man and a walrus, and watched the harpooning of a narwhal, the unicorn of the sea. He saw men catch birds in a sort of butterfly net, and learned to do it himself. As he does not like killing he was sorry to see a mother bear shot with bow and arrow, but it was good fun to watch a cowboy lasso two cubs, which were hauled on board scratching and spitting like monster kittens.

What a wonderful experience for a boy! We agree with Captain Bartlett, who writes the preface for David, that it was good for him too. Captain Bartlett has no use for boys who spend their time in dancing halls or picture palaces when they ought to be getting their hands dirty and their muscles hard and their minds cleaned out with the experiences of the sea and far places.

## A CATHEDRAL IN SPLINTS



Mainz Cathedral as it is usually seen



Mainz Cathedral as it now is, surrounded by scaffolding

English cathedrals are not the only ones that are showing signs of cracking. Mainz Cathedral in Germany has cracks in its walls, towers, and arches, the result of the oak piles on which it is built settling down in marshy foundations. It has been surrounded by scaffolding in order that repairs may be carried out

## WILD FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS

CANADA, as readers of the C.N. must know, has been very successful in maintaining herds of the disappearing bison of North America by furnishing them with great natural parks in which to roam, and so well did the bison thrive in Wainwright Park, which is one of these reserves, that it became over-stocked.

Last year a new reserve was opened in the North-West Territory, where the conditions are much more severe than at Wainwright, where these plains bison are preserved. It is called Wood Buffalo Park, and has an area of 17,300 square miles, as big as an English county, but its great interest is that here dwell the last truly wild survivors of

the American bison. They are the woods buffalo, and are distinct from the plains bison. There are some 1500 of them in the preserve.

In the last two years herds of the plains bison, numbering in all about 3500, have been transported to the territory of the woods buffalo. The woods buffalo are therefore largely outnumbered, but they have met the incursion hitherto by simply ignoring the newcomers. They form one camp, and leave the strangers to form another. There is no conflict, but hitherto the two kindred races have kept themselves to themselves. Lately, it is now said, there have been signs of fraternising.

## FIRST CLIMBER UP ELEVEN PEAKS

50 YEARS OF A GOOD LIFE

A Thrilling Night Among the Red Indians

### ONE OF THE SPREADERS OF KNOWLEDGE

A good and useful life has just been honoured by the great Smithsonian Institution, which has been busy for 80 years fulfilling its splendid aim of spreading knowledge.

The Smithsonian has been served for 50 years by a very remarkable man, who was born exactly at the time when the Institution was founded. This fine scientist and artist, doctor and professor, is William Henry Holmes.

He took a most active part in exploring in detail the western region of the American States when wandering Indian tribes made such lonely work constantly dangerous. It was as an artist that he first joined the scientific staff of the Institution, and he drew the splendid panoramic views of the Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado that have represented those fine scenes for untravelled people.

#### A Great Climber

Dr. Holmes was one of the first men to climb the great Rocky Mountain ranges. His were the first feet that trod the summits of eleven great peaks, averaging 13,000 feet high, and two of them, one in the Yellowstone Park and the other in Utah, are called by his name.

The most striking of his adventures happened when, as a geologist, he was surveying the San Juan Valley in New Mexico. He and his helpers, who were hundreds of miles away from any support or supplies, had a big string of horses and mules, some for riding and some to carry their tents, instruments, and food.

#### The Warning Bell

Around them were unfriendly Indians, silent, hidden, and expert in thieving. The horses were trained to follow the bell of a mare which always acted as leader. One pitch-dark, stormy night, when all were huddled close in their tents and the horses were picketed at rest, the keen ears of the chief man over the pack-horses caught the sound of the bell-mare's bell. Creeping out into the darkness, he heard the sound go farther and farther down the canyon. Evidently the horses were loose and on the move.

As swiftly as the darkness would allow, and as silently as a Red Indian, he passed from the camp down the canyon. Just as he reached the bell-mare and stretched his hand to clutch her lead-rope a vivid flash of lightning showed him a Red Indian reaching for the rope at the other side of the horse, while other red men were just behind.

#### Recovery Canyon

Tom Cooper, for that was the man's name, had his hat doubled up in his left hand, and this he thrust in the red man's face while he grasped the guide-rope and swung the horse round, whooping a loud alarm to the camp. The Red Indians disappeared as silently as they had come, and Tom led back the line of horses he had so cleverly recovered. That cleft in the hills is to this day called Recovery Canyon.

The adventure shows under what conditions western surveys were then made. Dr. Holmes, since famous in several branches of science, is now Director of the National Gallery of Art in Washington. He has published 310 scientific papers, and on his 80th birthday was presented with a volume of written tributes from 175 leading men of science of all nations.



## A FOOLISH THING AND A BRAVE ONE

### The Dog on a Frozen Lake WHAT TO DO IN A CRISIS ON THE ICE

The other day, when London was so frosty that the Park looked like a Christmas card and the Serpentine was nearly frozen over, a dog owner did a foolish thing. He threw a ball on to the ice, and his dog scampered after it, unable to stop once he had got up speed.

When he had nearly reached the other side he came to a patch of thin ice, which broke. He would have been drowned but for a stranger who waded up to his neck, breaking the ice before him, and rescued the shivering animal.

Ice is treacherous stuff, though so many people treat it as if it could be trusted. There are ice accidents nearly every winter which lead to loss of life. Therefore it is well to know the best way for a man to behave if he should fall through ice.

#### Right and Wrong Ways

First he should turn his back to the edge of the ice, get his elbows on it, and hoist himself out backwards. Directly he is out he should not remain sitting on the ice, but quickly fling himself on his back to spread his weight evenly over the surface.

It is said that the natural tendency of the legs to float up in front of a man defeats his efforts to get out if he sets his chest to the ice, and also that he cannot get sufficient purchase with his hands.

Mr. John James Brown, who has been a postman for 45 years, remembers driving his horse and mail van across the frozen Thames in 1891, but such frosts are rare, and it is wise to treat frozen rivers with grave suspicion!

## A WOMAN'S COURAGE

### Saving Two Men's Lives

"I can never imagine a braver deed," said a railway official of the action of a young woman doctor in a Yorkshire railway accident the other day.

She was Dr. Anne Perrott, of Watford, member of a hospital staff near the scene of the accident. A carriage next to one of the engines had collapsed on the top of the engine, and Miss Perrott learned that there were two men behind the tender in desperate need of attention.

She climbed through a hole in the engine till she came to the splintered carriage. Great pieces of timber were falling all the time, and she had to wrench splintered wood away to get into the compartment. Each tug increased the danger of the whole weight falling on her and the injured men.

At last she reached the men, and was able to give them restoratives, ease their pain a little, and keep them safe till a rescue party could release them.

## A GREAT KENT CASTLE

### 700-Year-Old Stronghold

Leeds Castle has changed hands, and is to be made into an up-to-date home.

Leeds Castle has nothing to do with the great Yorkshire city. Like the ducal title, it takes its name from a little Kentish village, and stands on a small island in a branch of the Medway. There was a fortress here in Saxon times, but this was demolished by the Danes. It was rebuilt by Robert de Crèvecoeur in the reign of William Rufus, and was restored by William of Wykeham in the fourteenth century.

Henry the Fifth entertained the Emperor Sigismund here, and our Bluebeard King, Henry the Eighth, spent large sums on it.

## Trooper Fowler Sees It Through

### A MOST WONDERFUL TALE OF THE WAR

### The Story of a Man Who Hid for Four Years Close to the Enemy

### THE HUSSAR IN A CUPBOARD IN FRANCE

Surely the most anxious man of the Great War was Trooper Fowler of the 11th Hussars, who spent most of it in a cupboard within sound of the voices of German soldiers. His is one of the most wonderful stories of those four red years, and it is told now for the first time by the Daily Telegraph.

On a January afternoon in 1915 a Frenchman discovered Patrick Fowler hiding in the woods near Bertry. He had had his horse shot under him at the Battle of Le Cateau, had been cut off from his regiment, had wandered some time and endured great privations. The Frenchman knew that German patrols were near but he managed to get a little food to him, and at midnight he returned and took the man stealthily into the village to the house of his mother-in-law, Madame Belmont-Gobert, a widow.

This lady and her daughters knew quite well that they were running the danger of death when they opened their door in the small house to this weary, blood-stained, almost fainting man. They had Germans billeted in the upper part of the house, and the German patrol might appear at any moment. They gave him a little hot soup and wondered where they should hide him. "The wardrobe is the only place," said Angèle, one of the daughters of the house.

#### House Full of German Soldiers

It was a big wardrobe of dark oak, divided into two sections. One side was fitted with shelves and the other was a hanging cupboard. Madame Belmont-Gobert and Angèle hastily put a little bedding in the bottom of the hanging cupboard and shut the trooper in it. They managed to bore a little semi-circular air-hole in the partition, and there, in that cramped space, Fowler hid during the daytime, in a house full of German soldiers, for nearly four years. Sometimes he had to stay there the night too.

Now and again the Germans came down into this room to make coffee and sit round the fire while they drank it. The lady of the house and her daughters were generally there. It is very wonderful to think of the heroism and the endurance of these great-hearted women. Madame Belmont-Gobert always kept the right-hand wardrobe door, which opened on to the shelves, a little ajar, to avert suspicion. Often when the Germans were sitting there round the fire she openly went to the wardrobe and took a dinner napkin or something from the shelves, where her table linen was stored. There was one occasion when the fearless, gay Angèle actually passed a little food through the air-hole while the enemy soldiers were talking round the fire.

#### Exercise at Night

No one knows what the strain was for the man hidden close by. Not only his own life was at stake, but the lives of several devoted people. Sometimes he did not know how to bear it when he heard the Germans come into the room at odd hours and stand close by foraging for food. The close air, the cramped posture, endured hour after hour, day after day, told on his health.

The Belmont-Goberts, who kept their secret sacredly, were obliged to let the village chemist know what was at stake, as from time to time Patris, as they affectionately called the soldier, fell ill. The chemist's wife smuggled drugs into the house and so saved the Englishman's life, and perhaps his reason. The trooper tried to counteract the effects of his confinement by walking about

the room at night when it was safe for him to come out, and he did exercises with heavy sticks. Once or twice he ventured out-of-doors for a few minutes.

Thus, in that terrible monotony, the months of the first year rolled on. There were some occasions which left a mark on all, even the gay Angèle. Once when the trooper had stolen out he even managed to pay a visit to another Englishman whom another French family were hiding not far away. Alas! this man was betrayed by a girl to the Germans before 1915 was out, and was shot. The wretched informant told the enemy she believed there was another British soldier hiding in the village.

The effect of this news on the Belmont-Gobert household was paralyzing. The inmates knew that never had death run them so close before. Someone stole off to a friend whom they could trust, and he agreed to hide the trooper in his barn. Fowler was disguised as a woman, a shawl across his head, and taken away. For a month he lived in a hole under the barn floor, a month of unmitigated misery. During that time the whole village was searched. At the end of the month he returned to the old hiding-place in the same disguise.

#### A Night of Horror

There came one night of blind horror. At midnight when he was sitting with the family soldiers knocked loudly on the door. Angèle and her mother had a flash of second sight. They hustled the trooper into the framework of a heavy wooden bed, under the mattress, and no sooner was he out of sight than two Germans entered the house and walked straight to the wardrobe. Madame Belmont-Gobert opened both doors for them herself. Then the soldiers searched the room, and thrust their bayonets into the mattress. By a miracle, the blades did not touch the man hiding there.

Time dragged on to the autumn of 1918, when British troops entered Bertry. One day all the people in the village ran about shouting that the English were coming. "Patris, he go mad," remarked Angèle, telling the story later, and having to wipe her eyes very often. Out into the street rushed the trooper, delirious with weakness and sudden joy, and ran about in the lanes, demented. By one of those coincidences which show that truth is stranger than fiction it was the 11th Hussars entering the village.

#### Missing for Four Years

Thus Trooper Patrick Fowler, for four years reported missing, found liberty and life again. The succeeding seasons have not been kind to his gallant protectors. The famous wardrobe is now in a tiny house, all that is left of the Belmont-Goberts' former grandeur, and the mistress of the house has to look anxiously at her franc notes before she spends them.

The ladies have not been quite forgotten, for there is a piece of silver hanging on the wall bearing an inscription from the Colonel and Officers of the 11th Hussars, and there are other tokens of gratitude. Madame Belmont-Gobert and her daughter were decorated with the O.B.E., and the chemist and his wife were given the bronze medal. But a far greater thing would be to provide a little fund for the old age of this brave widow. We cannot bear to think of her being so poor, after those years of self-sacrifice and loss, and we are glad to hear that the Daily Telegraph is willing to receive subscriptions.

Picture on page 12

## PREJEVALSKI'S HORSE

### The Story Behind a Name

### COMPANION OF PREHISTORIC MAN

Great interest has been aroused among naturalists, we are told, by the presentation of a wild mare of Prejevalski stock to the Zoo.

Who is Prejevalski, and why had he a wild mare? He was a Russian soldier and explorer who died nearly forty years ago. His explorations covered Southern Mongolia and the great Desert of Gobi, as well as two mighty rivers of China. And in Mongolia he found a few wild ponies.

Now these wild ponies, with their erect manes and tails like a donkey's with the long hairs beginning only half-way down, proved to be the very same species as those whose bones have been found in great numbers in the caves of France and Spain, with carvings and pictures of them, showing them to have been the companions (and the food, alas!) of men in Europe some 30,000 years ago.

It is curious that a race so ancient should have received their name last century from a Russian travelling in Asia. It is still more curious that they should be quietly living in our own Zoo in this twentieth century. As the Zoo already had a horse of the species it has now a pair, and it is hoped that from these a new family will spring.

## VILLAGE BOYS, PLEASE COPY

### How to Have £730,000

Thirty-three years ago the people of Cowley used to take their bicycles to be repaired at the cottage of a lad named Morris, who had recently left the village school. He mended punctures beautifully, and his charges were very small.

The other day the man who used to mend the ploughman's bicycle wrote a cheque for £730,000. Mr. W. R. Morris had bought the Wolseley Motors business. He has become one of the biggest employers in England, with factories at Cowley, Coventry, Smethwick, and Birmingham, turning out 2000 cars and vans a week. All this business has grown up from his bicycle repairing. Without help or money from anyone else this boy has become a motor-car manufacturer who will soon be paying wages to more than 15,000 men.

Other poor boys have grown rich, but few men can give Mr. Morris's reasons for his success—he has paid his employees high wages and sold the things they make very cheaply. That is why we think Mr. Morris a man worth copying by other boys from village schools.

## WINTER STORMS

### A Four-Years Record

The C.N. has just received its annual letter from Mr. Morris Bower telling of his record of winter thunderstorms, and asking for the help of C.N. readers in continuing and extending it.

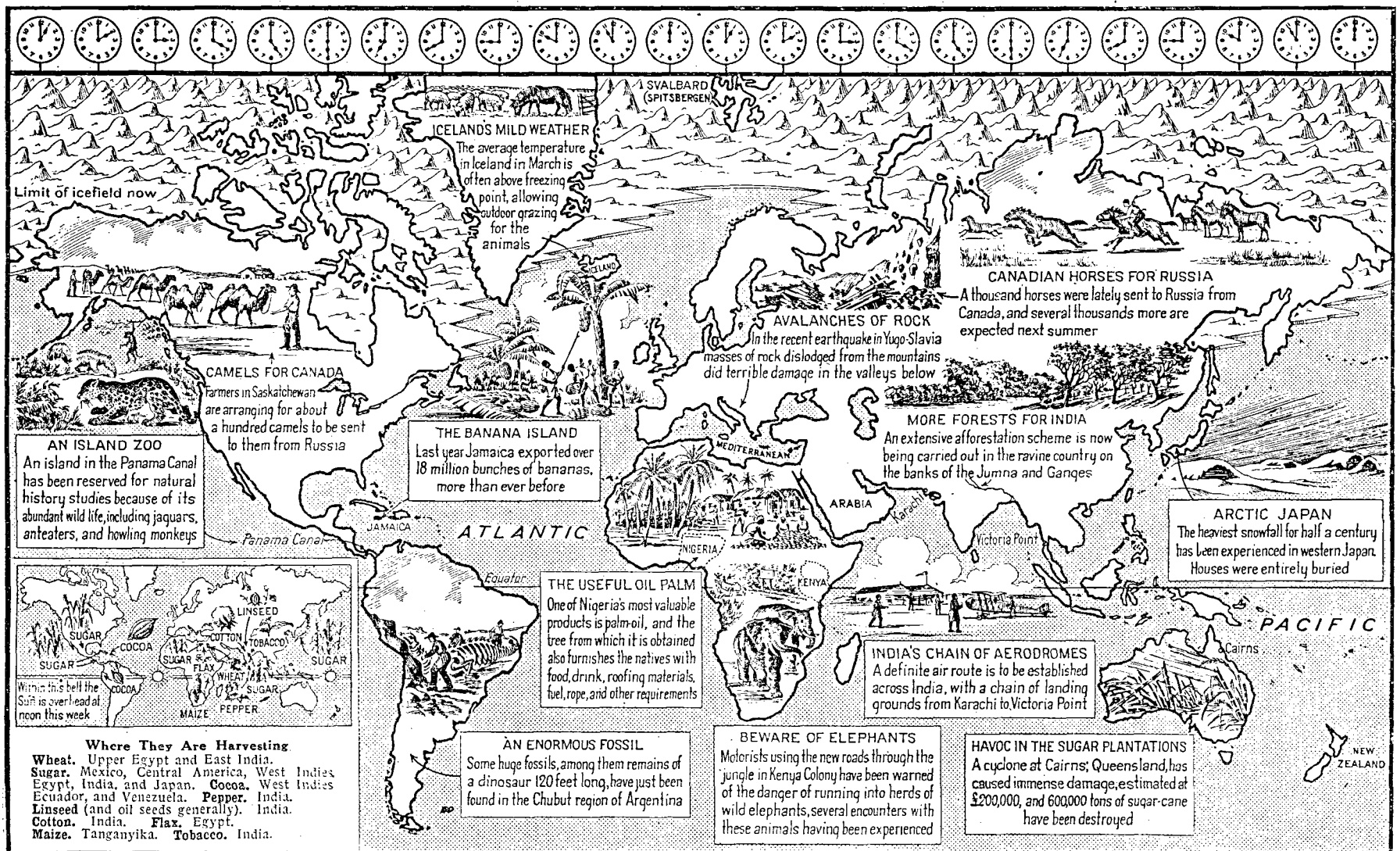
Most of us have the idea that thunderstorms are a summer phenomenon, but there are many in winter. In the first three months of 1926 there were storms somewhere in England and Wales on 37 days out of 90, and in the British Isles as a whole there were storms on 49 days, 21 in January, 13 in February, 15 in March.

The most stormy English areas were in Cornwall, the Severn Valley, South-West Yorkshire, and the Lakes. There was an area right across the Midlands wholly free from storms.

This winter's records are to cover the six months from October to March, and Mr. Bower will welcome postcards giving particulars of thunderstorms during that time. His address is Langley Terrace, Oakes, Huddersfield.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## FROM JERUSALEM TO GAZA

### A Good Samaritan's Journey

Bishop Godric Kean has had a memorable night of adventure in trying to reach the bedside of a sick colleague.

The summons came to him at Jerusalem from Gaza, a hundred miles away to the south-west near the coast. The only way was by car. Though the road was mountainous, all went well till Hebron had been passed. Then in a lonely by-road, he collided with another car, and his motor was completely disabled. But a police car was available, and the journey was continued.

Now night had come on, and in the darkness the track was lost. The car escaped the brink of the precipice by inches, only to fall soon afterwards into a dyke. Then it crashed into a dried-up watercourse, the petrol-tank burst, the petrol ignited, and in a few moments the car was a smoking ruin.

Further progress was impossible, and with wild animals prowling round them the luckless travellers had to wait till daybreak, when they were found by a search party of police. Happily they were little the worse for their experiences, and the sick priest at Gaza recovered.

## THE LOST EXPLORER

### Search Party Turned Back

C.N. readers know of the disappearance of Colonel Fawcett and his party, who marched into the unknown interior of Brazil in the spring of 1925, and have not been heard of since.

A Canadian engineer, Mr. Alfred Morris, was building bridges in Uruguay, which adjoins Southern Brazil, when an appeal reached him to make inquiries about the missing explorers. He left his work and started for Matto Grosso, from where Colonel Fawcett sent his last message, but unfortunately there is a rebellion in Southern Brazil, and Mr. Morris has had to return sadly to his bridge-building in Uruguay.

## LUCKY THIRTEEN

### Sculptures Paris is Talking About

We congratulate Claudie Korthabs on a great triumph.

Claudie is only just thirteen, but several examples of her work have been accepted for exhibition at the Salon des Independants, and they have created a sensation among the art critics of Paris.

Claudie is a sculptor, and her father is a well-known caricaturist. She has inherited her talent, no doubt, but the little girl has also worked hard to turn it from talent to genius. Can anyone repeat too often that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains?

The Korthabs come from Holland, and Claudie has studied the wonderful old Flemish painters, besides being lucky enough to see the museums and picture galleries of Italy, Germany, and France. But most of her studying has been done in the Paris Zoo, and the works she exhibits at the Salon des Independants all have animal-life as their subject.

Perhaps Claudie is going to be a very great sculptor indeed; anyway, she has made a good start at thirteen.

## A BUSH FIRE HERO

### The Little Maid of All Work

Once again Australia, and especially Victoria, has been facing the terrible bush fires caused by the summer Sun.

Lord Somers, the Governor of Victoria, has been helping to fight them; and his chief impression in his first experience of a bush fire is of the little the fighters can do to prevent the loss of homes and crops, the fruits of years of constant toil.

We hear the usual tales of heroism and tragedy; one of the most terrible is of a father who piloted his two small sons to safety and then dashed back to try to save the home. He failed, but the little maid-of-all-work had dashed through the flames and rescued the baby of the family unharmed.

## A KING REDUCES HIS INCOME

### A Royal Lead in Denmark

Denmark is having a great national economy campaign, and her king has given it a splendid lead. He has asked the Government to reduce the grant for the Royal Family by ten per cent all round.

The Danish Royal Family has always been one of the most economical in Europe. We all know how simply our Queen Alexandra was brought up in her Danish home. The King's grant is only £66,000 a year, very little for a dweller in palaces with all the calls that kingship involves, and all the other annuities to members of the Royal House amount only to another £15,000.

Now from this modest total £8000 is to be deducted. If all other Danes above the poverty-line reduce their expenditure in the same proportion the national finances will be transformed.

## A WOMAN'S 50 YEARS

The other day a little old lady who has spent fifty years in Paris was presented with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

She knows nothing whatever about the great capital where she has passed all her adult life. If you put her down even in its most famous square or street she would be lost. Yet she has her full strength and her full powers.

This little old lady has not spent her Parisian years in a convent, although she wears a nun's dress and is called Sister Marie Perpetue. She has lived all the time in the prison of Saint Lazare, and has only been outside the walls twenty times.

In England we have a State Church, but in Republican France the Government does not support the Church, and we may be sure that if a nun is decorated by the Government it is for a very good reason. Sister Marie must have done a great work in the prison.

## FROM THE KING AND ST. PAUL'S

### Three Curios

### THE GREAT PASSION FOR COLLECTING

From the days when we first cram our pockets with marbles and nails and knives and pieces of string we are all collectors. It is the passion which has created our great museums, the passion for the possession of curious things.

Last year, when the dome of St. Paul's was being fitted with a new lightning conductor, many American visitors vainly sought to buy pieces of the old one, for it was erected by Benjamin Franklin, who invented the lightning conductor, about 1770, when he was in England pleading against the taxation of the American colonies without their consent. Now the cathedral authorities have sent a piece about a foot long and ten pounds in weight to the New York Museum of Peaceful Arts. Franklin's bill for fixing the rod is still preserved in the cathedral library.

Another gift with which Americans will be pleased is an alms dish which King George has sent to the new cathedral in New York.

Yet another gift has just gone abroad from the King, a pair of despatch boxes, exact copies of those on the table of the House of Commons. They are to be presented to the new Australian House of Representatives at Canberra when the Duke of York opens it in May.

## THE FOG BILL

### A Liner's £800 a Day

Lord Inchcape, the shipowner, puts the cost of the Thames shipping hold-up through fog at a million pounds.

That is easily believable when, as he tells us, the holding up of the P. & O. liner Mooltan, with her 400 passengers, meant an extra expenditure of £800 a day for five days.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 5

1927

The Men Who Died  
For You

**WE** dare to break the Copyright Law for the sake of a new page of English Literature worthy to stand with any other on our National Bookshelf.

It is the story of the men who died for us, the men who gave their lives for the Peace that has not come, and it is from the pen of Mr. Winston Churchill. We take it from *The Times*, which is publishing the book before Mr. Thornton Butterworth issues it in volume form.

Speaking of the true glory of the British Army Mr. Churchill says:

A young army, but the finest we have ever marshalled, improvised at the sound of the cannonade, every man a volunteer, inspired not only by love of country but by a widespread conviction that human freedom was challenged by military and Imperial tyranny, they grudged no sacrifice however unfruitful, and shrank from no ordeal however destructive.

Struggling forward through the mire and filth of the trenches, across the corpse-strewn crater fields, amid the flaring, crashing, blasting barrages, and murderous machine-gun fire, conscious of their race, proud of their cause, they seized the most formidable soldiery in Europe by the throat, slew them, and hurled them unceasingly backward.

If two lives or ten lives were required to kill one German, no word of complaint rose from the fighting troops. No attack, however forlorn, however fatal, found them without ardour. No slaughter, however desolating, prevented them from returning to the charge. No physical conditions, however severe, deprived their commanders of their obedience and loyalty.

Martyrs not less than soldiers, they fulfilled the high purpose of duty with which they were imbued. The battlefields of the Somme were the graveyards of Kitchener's Army. The flower of that generous manhood which came at the call of Britain, and, as we may still hope, at the call of humanity, and came from the most remote parts of her Empire, was shorn away for ever in 1916.

Unconquerable, except by Death, which they had conquered, they have set up a monument of native virtue which will command the wonder, the reverence, and the gratitude of our island people as long as we endure as a nation among men.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## This Kind World

A good friend of the C.N. at Falmouth is sure we shall like this true story. We do.

LAST summer a friend of mine noticed a hungry expression on the face of an old pedlar who was looking at some cakes in a shop window in Penzance, and asked him if he would like some. "I would" was the answer, so my friend gave the pedlar sixpence and he entered the shop.

Soon after the man turned up again and offered to return the money because, he said, the shopkeeper had given him the cakes and would not take the sixpence!

## How Lucky We Are!

It is good to be nine if you live in England in 1927.

But it was not so nice to be nine if you lived in England 71 years ago. Sir Thomas Marsden, who has lately died, was only nine when he began work in a factory. Though he rose to be its managing director and an honoured public servant, we cannot help thinking that his success did not make up to him for those years in a factory.

It was still worse to be nine if you lived in England 94 years ago. In 1833 a child of nine was sentenced to death, but was afterwards reprieved. Today it is impossible for us to imagine how an English judge could pass that sentence on a child.

But it is good to remember these things, although they are so terrible. They prove that the world has grown better very quickly, and give us ground for believing that it will be a kinder and wiser place a hundred years hence. Meanwhile how lucky we are to live in 1927!

## Wang

**WE** like this letter from *The Times*. It has been received by a well-known business house in Peking.

Dear Sir, I am Wang. It is for my personal benefit that I write for a position in your honorable Bank.

I have a flexible brain that will adapt itself to your business, and in consequence bring good efforts to your good selves. My education was impressed upon me in the Peking University in which place I graduated Number One.

I can drive a typewriter with good noise and my English is great.

My references are of good and should you hope to see me they will be read by you with great pleasure.

My last job has left itself from me for the good reason that the large man has dead. It was on account of no fault of mine. So, honorable Sir, what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on some date that you should guess.

Faithfully yours, WANG.

Our love to Wang. His English is truly great. We hope he will get on.

Nature is the external, visible throne of divine magnificence. Buffon

## He Saw Napoleon

**JAMES DURAND** saw Napoleon. What would you not give to be able to say you had done what James Durand did?

James Durand was a sailor who wrote his life-story, which has just been republished. He tells about the great occasion, but all he has to say is that Napoleon wore "a snuff-coloured coat and breeches, and very indifferent hat and epaulets."

James Durand may have seen Napoleon, but surely he did not deserve it.

## Tip-Cat

**A** BLACKSMITH who has inherited a fortune is to keep on shoeing horses. He prefers the leisured life.

**A** MAGAZINE on taxes has appeared. It will probably make a point of how the rich got poor.

**WE** are at the beginning of our prosperity, says somebody, not the end. That is why we can't make both ends meet.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW

If they are mind-  
ing their peas at  
Kew

**THE** only world revolution that counts very much occurs every 24 hours.

**RENTS** are very low in Belgium. Still, the landlords manage to get down to them.

**SCIENTISTS** in Los Angeles have found human links

with the Ice Age. Connected, probably, with an ice-cream barrow.

**A** CORRESPONDENT asks: How long does a worm live? As far as we know, no length is fatal to it.

**THE** well-dressed woman should, we are told, be careful to wear the right shoes. But two rights would, in that case, make one wrong.

## Peter Puck Runs Round

**PETER PUCK**, having tried his hand at advertising Staffordshire and Warwickshire, has turned to the Lake Country:

Lovely as the dreams of Slumberland  
Are the quiet hills of Cumberland.

And then came this:

People domiciled in Lancs  
Every day give hearty thanks.

And we have this long run down from North to South:

Scotland is the place for kilts,  
But the place for joy is Wilts.

And this:

Farmland, down, and sea—of course it  
Must be Hardy's well-loved Dorset.

And who in Francis Drake's great country will not simply love this rhyme?

Some folk will not get to heaven:  
All can take the train to Devon.

Peter Puck has promised to run round the country if his inspiration lasts.

## The Sunset Stair

**THE** cheerful light of day is done.  
It is the time for everyone  
To climb the sunset stair  
With words of prayer.

**ON** the first rung the small prayer goes:

*We thank Thee, Lord, that we arose  
To work and mirth  
Upon the Earth.*

**AND** climbing to the radiant light:  
*Forgive us, Father, if the night  
Should now descend upon  
Some work undone.*

**AND** at the last, when we behold  
Day ending in a sea of gold:  
*Father, Thy Name we bless  
For loveliness.* Flora Sandström

## A Class of Gentlemen

**CALLING** our attention to the starting of another society for looking after wounded soldiers who are not having much of a time, a good friend remarks that pity is for ever alive and tender in our midst, and reminds us of a beautiful story which should never be forgotten.

It is of Professor Blackie, who was listening to a new class. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand. "Sir," exclaimed Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!" As the student was about to speak Blackie interrupted with: "No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!"

Then the student held up his right arm, which ended piteously at the stump of its wrist. "Sir, I hae nae right hand!" he said, in a voice that could hardly speak.

Before Blackie could open his lips there arose a storm of hisses, in which his voice was overborne as by the waters of an angry sea.

Then the Professor left his place and went down to the student he had so deeply and so unwittingly hurt, put his arms around the lad's shoulders, and drew him close. "My boy," said Blackie, speaking very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was heard in the hush that had fallen on the classroom—"My boy, you'll forgive me that I was over-rough! I did not know, I did not know!" He turned to the students, and; with a look and a voice that came straight from his great heart, he said, "And let me say to you all I rejoice that I am teaching a class of gentlemen."

## The Footprints of the Spring

I found the footprints of the Spring  
As through the fields I went.  
I heard her songs about the woods  
Of glory and content,  
And saw below a mile of gorse  
A lazy moving tide,  
And dimpled hollows in the hills  
Where little rabbits hide.

I saw like candles of the Spring  
The honeysuckle climb,  
And heard about some smoky farms  
A sleepy church bell chime.  
The sway of Peace was on those homes,  
And Beauty at their gates.  
I thought: Could any man be there  
Who quarrels or who hates?

Marjorie Wilson



## PROUD BABYLON TRIFLES AND TREASURES OF A FALLEN EMPIRE

### Digging Up the Riches and Regalia of Lost Kings

#### WOE UNTO THEE, MIGHTY CITY

The scientific expedition which is exploring about Ur, in the land of the Chaldees, has once more reaped rich harvests.

Seeking at hazard for the possible foundations of an ancient building in which Nebuchadnezzar lived Mr. Leonard Woolley has come upon a great cemetery where dead kings of Babylon were buried.

In the temple of E-Nun-Makh the seekers dug down below the brick pavements of Nebuchadnezzar and found memorials of an earlier king of Babylon, called Marduk-nadin-ahi, who reigned from 1117 to 1100 B.C., and now comes for the first time into modern knowledge of Ur.

#### A Forgotten Ruler

It is a striking fact that the very name of a monarch before whom a great Empire trembled should be lost to history for 3000 years. Could Alexander, Caesar, Constantine, Alfred, William the Conqueror, Elizabeth, be thus forgotten? It is unlikely, unless the barbarism of war should so sweep over the world as to destroy all records.

Yet the things that now come to light in temple and cemetery must in their day have seemed of as imperishable memory and renown: royal diadems, rings and earrings, golden armlets, examples of the highest art of the goldsmith; vessels of the household, weapons, tools, razors, carved ivory, even metal manicule sets, all dear and costly possessions, thousands of years ago, of a ruling class who could never have imagined that oblivion would descend upon them.

#### Wonderful Workmanship

In the temple of the king whose name had been forgotten was found a toilet outfit of which any lady would be proud, all in ivory, including a lotus-shaped mirror-handle, a paint-pot shaped like a sphinx, and a fine comb beautifully engraved on each side with a picture of a bull.

Lying in other tombs, long outlasting the poor bodies of those for whose use in the next world it was placed there, was a wealth of jewellery and other precious objects of all sorts.

Diadems and chains, rings and earrings, beads and amulets of gold and silver, wonderful examples of the goldsmith's art, were scattered in extraordinary profusion. There were pins with heads of lapis lazuli mounted in gold, chains of gold set with lapis lazuli so perfect that they might have been made yesterday. There was a little gold bull with a false beard tied under its chin, transforming it into the Great Bull of Heaven; a bead shaped into a pear with a bird upon it a quarter of an inch high, yet with its feathers faithfully reproduced; a shell with a stone head, forming a duck whose feathers were represented by a covering of lapis lazuli and mother-of-pearl; half an ostrich shell made into a drinking-cup; a diadem of gold moulded to represent huntsmen, stags, bulls, and rams.

#### How Are the Mighty Fallen

So the ruins of old empires come to light. Babylon preceded Athens, Carthage, Troy, Rome, Jerusalem, on the path of destruction. She was Babylon to the Greeks and Romans, Babilee to the Assyrians, Babirush to the conquering Persians; in the Old Testament she is Shinar, Babel, the land of the Chaldees.

With what hot hatred she is named in the Bible! With what fervour her downfall is prophesied!

*O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that re-*

## CONSCIENCE MONEY OF THE POOR

Two stories of long-troubled conscience came to light the other day. The Secretary of the Cardiff Royal Infirmary received a letter from an unknown man enclosing £1, saying it was in payment of a debt of 8d. incurred 30 years ago.

How strange to think that a few pence should have stood between that man and peace of mind for 30 years! He could so easily have repaid the money long ago and been at rest. Perhaps he was a miser, who grudged the loss of every farthing; perhaps he was a careless man, who kept forgetting to send the money. At any rate, he knew in his heart that he had wronged the hospital, and there was a shadow across his mind till the debt was wiped out.

There is true pathos in the other story. A shabbily-dressed woman came to Bath police-station and with a shaking hand

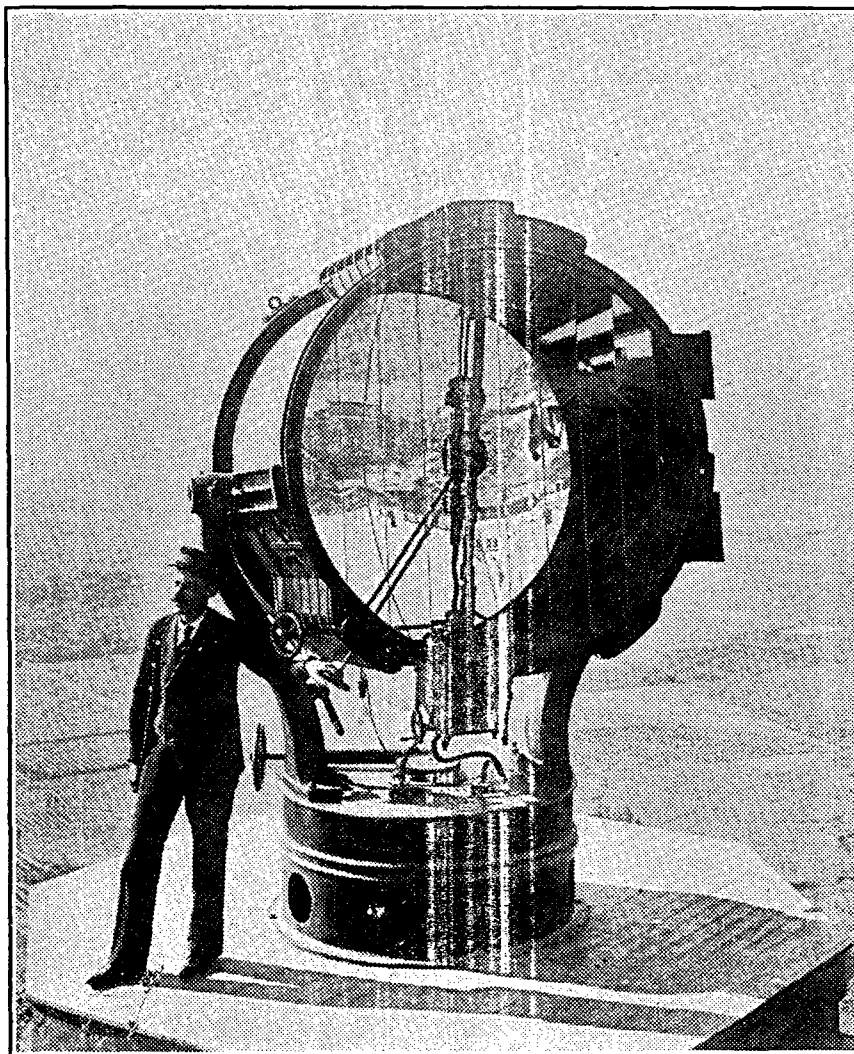
held out a purse containing £6. "You found it?" they asked. "When?"

"Two years ago," she said, hanging her head. Then she told them how one evening, when she did not know how to find money for her baker, she found this purse lying in the street. She knew she ought to take it to the police-station, but she yielded to the temptation to use the money to meet her debts, and buy food.

Never since that day had she known happiness, and she had been working and saving ever since to repay the money.

The police took her address and let her go. Some days afterwards a constable called at her house and gave her back the money. They had searched all their records, but there was no account of any inquiry for a lost purse at the time, so the money became the finder's.

## A SEARCHLIGHT ON A MOUNTAIN PEAK



This great searchlight was set up for experimental purposes on a mountain peak in California which overlooks a wide, fertile plain. In the concave mirror of the lamp there is an inverted reflection of the photographer. He is seen by the side of his camera

*wardeth thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.*

Where are the Babylonians and Assyrians, the Philistines and those old Bible nations? Mighty Babylon ceased to be an empire and became a Persian province 24 centuries ago, 538 years before Jesus was born; the city itself is now petty Hillah, a mere village erected on the buried ruins of a world-famous capital.

In a well-known verse the poet Henley presents a striking contrast:

*Or ever the knightly years were gone  
With the old world to the grave,  
I was a king in Babylon  
And you were a Christian slave.*

But there were no kings in Babylon when Christianity was born! Babylon and its kingcraft had fallen, and that desolation had begun which the excavators are now peeping into, down in the cold ground where the riches and

regalia of ancient sovereigns moulder with the trinkets and trifles of those who once acclaimed these monarchs kings and lords of the Earth.

#### TINNED TRAVELLERS

We are always hearing of the magnificent cabins in which millionaires cross the Atlantic, but some natives of Canada are coming to England in tobacco tins!

These odd passengers, who will travel in wet moss, are Canadian swamp tree-frogs, and their destination is the garden of Lady Byng. When her husband was Governor-General of Canada Lady Byng liked the swamp frog's song so much that she felt homesick in England without it. When their troublesome voyage is over the travellers in tobacco tins will have a very good home. Let us hope they will like the English moonlight as much as the Canadian brand, and serenade it joyously.

## MARVELLOUS STORY OF A BULLET

### THE RETURN JOURNEY

Remarkable Feat of Surgery in  
British Columbia

### LITTLE ECHO OF THE GREAT WAR

A remarkable story of a surgical miracle has come to light.

An Englishman who lived at Leigh in Essex went to work in British Columbia after the war, taking with him a German bullet which had embedded itself in his lung close to the heart. He did not know the bullet was there, but he could never get rid of the cough which it provoked.

Now he has got rid of both cough and bullet, and is in a fair way to become a strong man again. It seems a miracle that a man could live so long with a bullet in his lung; the way in which the Vancouver surgeons at the Jefferson Clinic got it out was indeed a miracle of handling.

#### The Only Way

The Jefferson Clinic is a very famous lung hospital. First the surgeons examined the patient's lungs by X-rays, and they found the bullet which nobody had suspected. But nobody could feel attracted to the prospect of getting it out from the soft lung full of blood-vessels where it was embedded. No operation from the outside of the chest would do. It would be far too dangerous to the delicate lung material.

The only way was to lead the bullet somehow into the windpipe through which the lung breathes. Then it might be drawn up.

First they illuminated the inside of the man's chest with X-rays from the front and the sides, so that they could see exactly where the bullet was. Then they turned an electric magnet on to the intruder.

#### Magnets and X-Rays

In steel foundries, where chips of steel may fly into men's eyes, the chips are extracted by these powerful magnets, which pull them out as well as a dentist pulls a tooth. With magnets like these, which to their great delight the surgeons found would move the bullet, they carefully guided it by the X-ray light to the windpipe.

Next they had to get it up. For exploring the lungs surgeons push a tube down the windpipe. It is called a bronchoscope because, by the aid of a tiny electric bulb attached, it lights up the region and enables the surgeon to see it by reflection. Inside the tube is a forceps which can grasp things and can be manipulated by the surgeon.

The bronchoscope for this operation contained at its lower edge a tiny trap, like the hole at the side of a penny whistle turned upside down. Toward this trap the magnet's attraction, still guided by the X-rays, drew the bullet.

#### Bullet in the Trap

Nearer and nearer to the trap, just below it in the windpipe and in the bronchoscope tube, the bullet was drawn, and now, as if the case were not hard enough, another difficulty appeared. The sharpened steel bullet was being drawn crosswise. If the tube's forceps tried to drag it up thus it would scratch and injure the delicate lung walls. Therefore the magnet was made to play on the bullet so that it turned its nose downwards, and dropped, as one might say, upright into the side trap.

Another moment and the forceps had gripped it through the tube and was drawing it up—inside the throat, inside the mouth, and outside the man!

He now walks about without a cough, and has written home to say that he feels splendid. He was conscious all through the operation, his throat being sprayed with cocaine, and he saw the bullet come out.



## AN ISLAND'S QUEER LIFE

### THE DOGS OF JUAN DA NOVA

#### The Mystery of a Strange Colony of Wild Things

#### HOW DID THEY GET THERE?

There is a little-known island between Madagascar and the East African coast which is called on the map Juan da Nova, but among travellers it is called the Island of Dogs, with as good reason as we speak of the Isle of Dogs.

There are no other inhabitants at all. The dog is king of the castle and lord of the isle, and he fiercely repulses any attempt at invasion. All the days are dog days there.

The dogs do not belong to a native breed of wild dog. Every sort of cross-breed and mongrel is to be found there from the mastiff to the pomeranian, but the animals have been wild for generations, and they behave like wolves.

#### Digging Up Turtle Eggs

They have formed themselves into packs, and each pack has its own hunting-ground, on which no "foreigner" dares to venture. Their chief food is turtle eggs and sea birds. The foolish mother turtle crawls up on the hot sandy beach, scoops a hole, lays her eggs, covers them with sand, and crawls back to the sea, whereupon the four-footed islanders spring from their hiding-places to dig up the eggs. It is a harder matter to catch sea birds, but these dogs have learned to stalk as noiselessly and spring as swiftly as panthers.

How did Juan da Nova get its doggy population? One authority believes the dogs were marooned there, either on purpose or by accident, in the days of sailing-ships. Nowadays, when ships can cover great distances in a short time, they do not call at Juan da Nova, but in the past vessels would stop there for fresh water and fruit. It is unlikely that a whole cargo of dogs was dumped here, though this was done on Juan Fernandez because that island was overrun by goats, and the Spaniards wanted the dogs to kill the goats.

#### No Foreigners Admitted

In the case of Juan da Nova it is more likely that sailors took their dogs for a run there and the dogs played truant, or that sailors who were too merciful to drown vicious or dirty animals would leave them on this desert island to fend for themselves. The little colony quickly multiplied, until now it is not a colony but a huge population.

The islanders are as savage as those who would have killed Crusoe's Man Friday. Some years ago a French ship sent a boat ashore at Juan da Nova to get water. A perfect army of dogs attacked the sailors, so that they had to flee for their lives to the sea, and another boat had to come with armed men to keep the dogs at bay by ceaseless firing while men fetched water.

#### Man-Hating Dogs

These dogs seem to hate man with a peculiar fury. Do they dimly remember chains, dog whips, and cold kennels in lands where they were once servants instead of masters? They need not fear. No one would try to capture and tame one of them any more than he would attempt to pet a wolf.

One of the most strange things about the savage mongrels of Juan da Nova is that they do not bark. They are only known to howl like wolves in the moonlight. Is it possible that because they have no human enemies to bark at these poor creatures have lost their power of barking?

There are many lovely isles in the Indian Ocean, and perhaps Juan da Nova is not the loveliest in spite of its flowery jungle; but it can surely claim to have the queerest population.

## THE WORLD FROM A SCHOOL SHIP

### An Idea Coming True

An old C.N. idea came true when the Ryndam sailed last September from New York.

She is carrying four hundred students and a staff of lecturers round the world, and so successful has the trip proved already that it is to be repeated.

Next September the Cunard liner Aurania will carry another party away from America to study foreign history, art, and philosophy on the spot. Nearly 30 countries will be visited before the ship returns in May, 1928.

We do not wonder that the students of this ocean-going college are said to be working with unusual enthusiasm. We wish there could be cruises of the same sort arranged for British school children. It should be part of the education of bright children to see the world from a school ship.

## PAPERS HIDDEN AT WINDSOR

### Secrets of an Emperor

Revolutions and wars have overwhelmed almost every part of Europe in the last hundred years; almost alone England has remained safe and calm.

It was because of this safety and calm that the Emperor Frederick of Prussia, father of the Kaiser, committed something he held very precious to the librarian of Windsor Castle when he visited London to attend the jubilee of Queen Victoria.

This was his diary of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. He was specially anxious that his father's Minister, Prince Bismarck, should not get hold of it, so it was placed in three wooden boxes bound with iron, and these were placed in a fireproof chamber under one of the staircases of the castle.

The manuscript was returned to Prussia after the Emperor's death, and has just been published.

## STREET NUMBERS IN THE DARK

### A Good Idea From Paris

The other day a motorist was fined for using his motor-lamp to search for the number of a house in a street at night, on the ground that by moving the lamp about he confused other motorists using the road.

Reading the report one wondered what people are supposed to do to find house numbers in the dark. A very good idea is being tried in Paris.

On each lamp-post figures on transparent paper are being pasted up inside the lamp giving the number of the nearest house or other building, so that from that the numbers of the houses before and after it can be calculated.

It is an example that should be widely followed.

## BRITAIN AS THE WORLD'S SHIPYARD

### Losing Our Place

Only 600 vessels were launched last year throughout the world, with a gross tonnage of under 1,700,000 tons.

In the previous year the tonnage launched in the United Kingdom alone was over a million; last year it was under 640,000. The output of the rest of the world has decreased by only 73,000 tons. Italy has passed Germany, with 40,000 tons to spare, as the second largest builder in the world.

The total tonnage fitted for oil instead of coal is now over 18 millions, as compared with just over one million before the war.

## A WARM DAY ON MARS

### A More Hopeful View of Life's Chances

Whenever the planet Mars comes a little nearer to the Earth there are always astronomers to hold out a warm, welcoming hand to it and say that it is not so cold as it has been painted.

Last year's measurements of its temperature were made more accurate than before by improved methods and instruments, and the two astronomers at Mr. Percival Lowell's old observatory in Arizona now announce that Mars is even warmer than was thought.

It is a cold place even in its tropics, judged by our standards of comfort, but it is not cold all day. There is a great change of temperature between night and day. At sunrise in what we might call the Central Africa of Mars there are 45 degrees Fahr. of frost, and it may even be much colder in the night. That is not so cold as many winter nights and dawns in Winnipeg.

#### Heat and Cold in the Tropics

Two hours after sunrise the temperature is still four degrees below freezing. It has been often as low at sunrise in England this winter. But at midday it may rise to 65 degrees, and the observers believe it is sometimes over 80 degrees.

That is in the Martian tropics, where it is clear that, provided he had enough air to breathe (which is a good deal less than likely), the temperatures would not incommode most Europeans, though they would want much change of clothing. Though it will be long before Mars by its appearance can prove that it possesses intelligent beings, every new examination makes it more probable that some form of life has a chance of existence there.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A professional's golf ball at Chipstead has killed a sparrow in flight.

Nearly 7000 Roman coins, of 300 kinds, have been found in a pot at Limoges, in France.

#### The Faithful Labourer

A faithful labourer, 88 years old, still starts work every morning at seven o'clock at 1bstock, in Leicestershire.

#### A Fatal Scarf

A Cambridge student has been killed by his scarf catching in the engine of his car as he was bending over it.

#### The Seven Sisters Saved

A loan of £5000 has completed just in time the sum needed to buy the Seven Sisters Cliffs, near Eastbourne, for the public.

#### A Workman Makes a Note

A Roman tile of the second century has been found near Metz with a workman's marks made in the clay, showing the hours he worked.

#### After the Centuries

A dredger off Cherbourg has brought up the stern of the 86-gun warship Triumphant, burned and sunk after the Battle of La Hogue in 1692.

#### An Old Inhabitant

Mrs. Mary Porter, aged 102, still lives in the thatched cottage at Bingham, near Nottingham, from which she was married 80 years ago.

#### Bring Your Wife With You

In order to increase the popularity of fish meals Berlin is providing free fish dinners for 4000 unemployed clerks on condition that they bring their wives.

#### The Farmer's Passport

A French farmer at Fontan, on the French frontier, has been compelled to take out passports for his whole family for production every time they pass to their vineyard, which is only a hundred yards over the border.

#### Ruby Snow's Bazaar

Ruby Snow, a little girl at Appledore, who has been in bed for over a year, has held a bazaar in her room, with the help of three other children, at which they sold small things and made £3 12s. 2d. for the lifeboat service.

## A FAMOUS MAN'S COUNTRY

### France's Share in Chopin

#### HIS GRANDFATHER A FRENCH WHEELWRIGHT

The birth certificate of Chopin's father has just been discovered.

Till now there has been some doubt as to his nationality, both France and Poland claiming him.

It now seems that Nicholas Chopin was undoubtedly a Frenchman. His birth certificate has been discovered in the parish register of a little village in Lorraine called Diarville. It reads:

*Nicholas, son of François Chopin, wheelwright, and of Marguerite Deflin, his wife, of Marainville, was born on April 15, and was baptised on the 16th of the same month—1771. He had for sponsor Nicholas Deflin, youth from Diarville, and for godmother Thérèse Chopin, spinster, of Xirocourt, who affixes her sign hereto.*

So both grandparents of the great musician were French, and his grandfather was a wheelwright.

#### Musician and Man of Taste

Nicholas Chopin, however, went to Poland to live when he was hardly more than a boy, and he married a Polish lady. His third son, Frédéric, who was to create such a wealth of lovely music in less than forty years, was born near Warsaw in 1810, when his father was sixty-one.

Chopin was not one of those artistic geniuses so often pictured in unkempt attire and sordid surroundings. He was fastidious in his work and his tastes. His manuscripts were exquisitely neat and delicate. He was always well dressed.

He cared very much in what kind of rooms he lived, and there are in existence copies of his orders as to their arrangement and furnishing. The wallpapers must be plain, and mostly dove or pearl colour. Fir nuts were to be used for his fire, and in the room, ready for his arrival, was to be a nosegay of violets, "so that there may be a nice fragrance."

## AMERICA THROWING LIVES AWAY

### British Industry Much Safer

The United States Secretary for Labour has been so much struck with the heavy loss of life in American industry that he has called a conference to consider the matter.

It is estimated that the number of fatal industrial accidents in the United States in a year exceeds 23,000, which is three or four times as great as it would be if American industry were as safe as British industry. The number of American workmen injured in a year is estimated to be two and a half millions!

No doubt the crowding of industrial areas and factories has much to do with this appalling loss of life. An English public man who recently visited America was surprised to find so many crowded workplaces where there is not enough room to move safely round machines. Although America is a big country, space is very expensive in the towns.

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A champion Aberdeen Angus bull	£2730
A drawing by Copley Fielding	£430
18th-century Flemish tapestry	£325
Queen Anne grandfather chair	£320
A painting by Corot	£304
Engraving by John Raphael Smith	£273
An etching by Muirhead Bone	£170
A Caffagiolo porcelain plaque	£157
A painting by J. M. W. Turner	£120
Violin by Andreas Guarnerius	£95
A panel of Stuart needlework	£76
Two old English chair covers	£20



**Other Worlds.** In the evening Venus in the west, Mars south-west. In the morning Saturn in the south-east.



# S.O.S.

## CHAPTER 65

### Gadsden Claims Gratitude

Jim simply stared. He was too surprised to speak.

Gadsden smiled his hard smile. "Wondering how I got here, no doubt," he remarked. "It was pretty lucky for you that I did."

"It was," agreed Jim, recovering himself. "We are no end obliged to you."

The Professor got to his feet. He was shaken but not hurt. "We are indeed very grateful to you, Mr. Gadsden," he said courteously. "We should have stood no chance at all without your timely help and wonderful shooting. It was all the more kind on your part because we are rivals in this expedition, and we all thank you."

Gadsden smiled again, but the smile went no farther than his lips. "Then no doubt you will be ready to prove your gratitude," he said dryly.

The Professor looked rather surprised, but answered quickly: "Naturally I shall be glad to do so. If there is anything that we can offer you in the way of food or stores all we have is at your service."

Gadsden shook his head. "We have plenty of ammunition," he answered, "and so long as we have cartridges we can get food. But you have something that we have not—the secret of how to enter the valley where Hulas lies. In the circumstances I feel sure that you will not refuse us that knowledge."

The Professor stood silent, and it was clear to Jim that he was staggered at this demand.

Gadsden laughed harshly. "I thought your gratitude was limited," he said, with a sneer.

Professor Thorold coloured hotly. "You are wrong, sir. I owe you my life, and so far as I am concerned there is no limit to what I would do in return. But in this case there are others concerned besides myself. You are not here in the cause of science, as we are."

"You are right," broke in Gadsden. "I am here for what I can get."

"Then how can I be responsible for letting you and your men loose on these poor people?" asked the Professor indignantly.

"I'll give you my word I won't hurt or bully any of the precious people," said Gadsden. "I believe they have more gold than they can use. All I want is as much of the stuff as I can carry away. When I've got that I shall go, and you can stay as long as you like to handle the scientific side of it."

The Professor still hesitated, but Andy, who had been listening, spoke. "I guess we've got to do it, Professor," he said, "so long as this Mr. Gadsden gives his word he won't start any trouble in the valley."

"I may be a thief," said Gadsden grimly, "but my worst enemy wouldn't call me a liar."

"Very good, then, Mr. Gadsden," said the Professor courteously. "We will enter the valley together."

As they all started back up the hill Sam came alongside Jim. "This is a queer start," he growled. "I wonder how the beggar kept up with us."

Jim did not answer, for they were just at the mouth of the cave.

Inside stood the two little fair men, who were both looking decidedly scared. Now that Jim had time to look at them he saw that they were dressed in tunics of fine, blue, silky stuff, and that, though small, they were well built and quite good-looking. They spoke to the Professor, but although he was well up in the ancient languages of South America he could not make out much of what they said, except that the newcomers were to follow them. They all went straight into the cave, and presently came to the end, where they were faced by a wall of solid rock.

"How are we going to get through there?" asked Greg of Jim.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Jim; "but watch the Hulas."

## The Wireless Mystery

By T. C. Bridges

The two little men clambered up to a ledge and went along it a little way; then both stopped and stood together on a certain spot. At once there came a harsh, grinding sound, and very slowly a great mass of rock rolled inward, leaving an opening large enough for two men to walk abreast.

"Gee, but that's mighty fine engineering!" said Andy admiringly. "There wasn't a crack you could see with a microscope before the rock moved, and I'll lay that slab weighs nearer five tons than four."

"Wonderful indeed!" exclaimed the Professor, as he saw beyond the door a lofty vaulted tunnel, which seemed to run straight into the heart of the hill.

The little men clambered down from the ledge and, passing into the tunnel, beckoned the others to come on.

"All very well," said Greg, "but what about lights?"

"There ain't no need to worry about lights, Greg," said Andy. "They've got 'em. See, all blue and pretty."

He was right, for the whole long tunnel as far as they could see glowed with a pale blue light, a sort of phosphorescence, which was yet strong enough to make the way quite clear.

## CHAPTER 66

### Cold Fire

THE little men waited till the whole party had filed through, then put their combined weight upon a metal lever projecting from the wall. Again came the deep, grinding sound, and the rock door swung slowly back into place.

It was the blue light which interested Jim more than anything else, but it was not long before he found its source. They came to a basin, cut in the hard rock and lined with metal, which was filled to the brim with a fluid that looked like blue fire. The Hulas passed it without notice, but the others stopped to examine it.

The Professor put his hand over the fluid, then dared to touch it with his finger. "No heat!" he exclaimed in amazement. "It is cold fire."

"It's like firefly light," declared Jim.

"Exactly," agreed Professor Thorold. "It is the secret which Western science has been struggling after for years, but without success, yet these forgotten folk must have solved it long ago."

Gadsden spoke. "The bowl is solid gold," he said sharply.

"I noticed that," replied the Professor; "but the bowl, Mr. Gadsden, is a small matter compared with what it holds."

"I'll take the gold every time," said Gadsden.

"I have no doubt you will be able to have all you can carry," answered the Professor, with a touch of sarcasm that was quite lost on Gadsden. His men were as excited as he was, and talked eagerly among themselves as all went forward again down the tunnel.

"I reckon we'll have trouble with that crowd before we're through," Andy said in a low voice to the Professor.

"I fear it greatly," agreed the other. "My only hope is that we may satisfy them with gold and get rid of them."

The great tunnel sloped steadily downward. The floor was smooth as a pavement, the air sweet and cool, and the lighting perfect, for every fifty paces the golden bowls brimmed with blue fire. How far they went Jim could not tell, but they had been walking steadily for a good ten minutes before they were brought up short by a second rock face.

"Another door?" said Greg. "Yes," he went on, "there's the lever."

The little guides were busy with it, and just as before, a huge slab of rock rolled back. As it did so a

flood of brilliant sunlight poured in. All hurried forward and stood gazing down at a sight so beautiful that it almost took away their breath. Andy was the first to speak.

"Say, boys, this would drive a movie man plumb crazy." The Professor smiled. "It would beat any artist to paint it," he said. "I never dreamed of such colouring. That lake is like a topaz, and as for the trees round it their flowers and foliage beggar description."

"And there is the city, Dad," said Greg eagerly. "Did you ever see such wonderful buildings?"

"But half of them are down," said Sam.

"Earthquake," explained the Professor. "The same, no doubt, that damaged the causeway."

From the tunnel mouth a road, cut in the solid rock, dropped in great curves to the floor of the valley. Like the tunnel and the causeway, it was wonderfully engineered. Right in front lay the lake, which was about a mile across, with water as transparent as plate-glass and shining like a great jewel. Lovely flowers and gardens were all round it except at the south end, where stood the mighty city of Hulas, built of the same reddish stone that composed the cliffs. These cliffs walled in the valley, rising to a height of at least four hundred feet except on the south side, behind the city, where they were only about half as high.

On the top of these lower cliffs Jim saw figures moving and pointed them out to Sam. Sam gazed at them a moment.

"They're not Hulas," he said, "they're Indians."

## CHAPTER 67

### The Jewelled Sun

As they reached the valley Greg broke away from the others and ran forward to meet a tall, lean young fellow, who was wearing a blue Hula tunic, but whose thin brown face and grey eyes marked him as English.

"Here we are, Alan," cried Greg; "and we've brought your old petrol."

Alan Upton's face lit up. "Good man!" he cried, as he grasped his cousin's hand. "Now we'll get those brutes of Bakairi on the hop. And here's Uncle! And this must be the Jim that I've talked to so much and never seen. Sam, too. You see, I know who you all are," he said, with a cheery grin.

"And this here is Andy," remarked the American, offering his hand, which Alan shook heartily.

Gadsden and his party were behind the rest, but now Gadsden himself came up, and Alan looked hard at him. The Professor whispered a few words to his nephew, and Alan's face hardened. He went up to Gadsden and spoke bluntly:

"Mr. Gadsden, I understand I have to thank you for saving my uncle from the Bakairi, and I do thank you. But I am not going to say that I am glad to see you here."

"I didn't suppose you would be," returned Gadsden. "But, as you see, I am here, and Mr. Thorold knows what I have come for."

"So do I," replied Alan curtly; "and if you will be content with as much gold as you and your men can carry you shall be satisfied. But I tell you quite plainly that I won't have you interfering with these people in the valley."

"You talk big, young man," said Gadsden harshly; "but I have given my word, and as soon as I get the gold you will see the last of me."

"Very good," Alan answered. "Then you will come with the rest of us to the town, and tomorrow I will find the gold for you."

Alan led the way toward the city; his uncle's party walked with him, and Gadsden and his men followed behind.

"I was very sorry I could not come to meet you," Alan told his uncle. "The fact is that Almeida and I dare not leave these Hula folk for any length of time. They are the kindest, most charming people, but hopeless in any sort of trouble, and I live in terror of the Bakairi coming down on us. You see, the brutes have got into the upper part of the valley to the south of the town."

"Sam and I saw them up on those cliffs," put in Jim.

"Yes," said Alan, "and they are constantly trying to get down with ropes. Either Almeida or I have had to be on the watch every single night to stop them, and it's getting to be a pretty heavy strain."

"But is there no way down except by ropes?" asked the Professor.

"Oh, yes," replied Alan. "There is a tunnel, but it is luckily guarded like the one you came through. The Bakairi are mad to get down here and collar this lower valley. Then they'd make the Hulas their slaves and force them to farm the whole valley for their benefit."

"But can you stop them?" demanded his Uncle. "Can you drive them off?"

"Yes," said Alan confidently. "Now you've brought the petrol I'm pretty sure I can do it. But I'll tell you about my plan later. Now you've got to be introduced to Hlas, the chief priest. He's a fine old fellow, and a great pal of mine."

They were coming to the gate of the city, and Greg nudged Jim. "Look at the pillars, Jim. Just like the entrance to the British Museum."

"Here's the priest," said Greg. "Alan's right; he is a fine old boy."

The priest, if not tall, was a handsome old man, with a splendid white beard and the clearest blue eyes. He made a speech of welcome, though the boys, of course, could not understand a word of it, and then led the way across a great square to a huge, squat-looking temple. A crowd of three or four hundred people followed.

"Some hall!" remarked Andy as he got inside. Then he pulled up short, and so did all the others, and stood gazing at the most wonderful thing they had ever seen. It was a broad disc of gold set upon the opposite wall and evidently meant to represent the Sun. From it streamed out seven great rays, and every ray was of a different colour. They ranged from richest crimson to palest yellow. A window above concentrated the Sun's light upon this wonder, and the rays shone with a blinding, almost intolerable splendour.

Sam nudged Jim. "They're diamonds and jewels," he gasped.

He was right. Each ray was set solid with precious stones of different kinds, and Jim realised that their value must be something colossal. Then suddenly he happened to glance at Gadsden's face. The big man's eyes were glued upon the blazing disc, and they glittered like the stones themselves.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Who Was He?

### The Father of the Novel

A GREAT novelist, a Scotsman, described an Englishman as The Father of the Novel.

He was a Somerset man, born near Glastonbury. His father, who late in life was a general, came of a titled family, but his own family was large and he was short of money.

None the less, the boy was educated at Eton, where he made good and helpful friends. He was romantic and extravagant, and before he had finished his education got into a scrape by trying to carry off an heiress he wished to marry. Having failed, he continued his education at Leyden University. But first, at the age of 20, he had written a play.

Returning from Leyden before he was 23 he went on writing other plays during the next four years. They were comedies, burlesques, and farces, clever enough to be accepted by the theatres of that period, but not one of them has lived.

When he was 27 he married a beautiful Wiltshire lady with a very moderate fortune, which they soon spent. With part of it he took a London theatre, and there produced plays of his own satirising the Government; and this led to a law being passed to prevent any play being produced without being licensed.

He now studied law, and lived in a hand-to-mouth way by writing for a newspaper. It was not till he was 35 that he discovered what his true work in the world was. A London printer had written a very sentimental story that became popular, and he began a story of his own to poke fun at the printer's story. It was a great success.

Afterwards he wrote two other, better stories, in which he shaped the characters of the heroines on the character of his beloved wife, who had not lived to share his success. Before that success had become assured he was made a salaried magistrate for London, and the worst part of his troubles about money was over.

As a magistrate he was most attentive to his duties, and he continued writing on subjects which interested him. Indeed, for ten months he published a weekly journal. But through all this later time his health was failing, and finally he was obliged to seek a milder climate in the south of Europe. He sailed for Lisbon, and on the voyage wrote, as his last book, an account of the journey. Two months later he was dead. Lisbon is his burial-place.

Though his novels reflect the vices of his age and in parts seem coarse now, they laid the foundations of the fiction that pictures life faithfully. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



# TIT FOR TAT

by

DORIS A. POCK



Read all about the adventures of a painfully new girl at St. Anne's and how she got her own back in this capital story in LITTLE FOLKS. This first-rate magazine is not a baby's magazine. It has long been popular with boys and girls, and once you have seen this month's issue you will want to take it regularly. Be sure to ask for

# LITTLE FOLKS

Buy a Copy TODAY 1/-



March 5, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

11



# Be Glad and Your Friends are Many



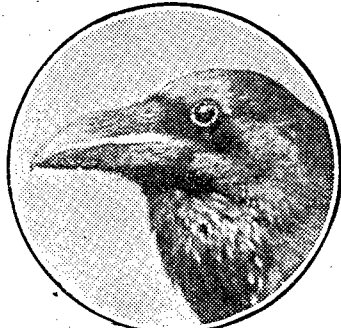
## THE BRAN TUB

### Beheaded Word

IN me you often take delight,  
But, ah, young folks, beware;  
Take off my head, and then you'll see  
Me rise aloft in air.  
Again behead, reverse the word,  
And I'm a trap to catch a bird.

Answer next week

### The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery

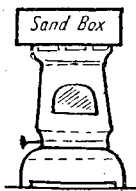


The Raven

This bird belongs to the crow family, and though widely distributed in Europe, Northern Asia, and North America, is now somewhat rare in Britain, except in remote and secluded districts. It eats all kinds of animal food, eggs, fruit, and grubs. It generally builds its nest on a ledge on some inaccessible cliff.

### A Heating Stove

A SMALL heating stove for a greenhouse, or even a room, is easily improvised with an oil-stove and a tin biscuit-box. Half-fill the box with sand, place it on the lamp, and then light the wick. When the sand is heated all through the lamp may be turned very low. With a very small consumption of oil the sand-box will continue to radiate heat.



### A Word Transposed

TODAY, as I at breakfast sat,  
I saw a thing—pray tell me what.  
Transpose it, and it will disclose  
What grows between my neck and nose.

Answer next week

### Is-Your Name Halliwell?

THE name Halliwell is merely a variant of Holliwell and Hollowell. Halli, holl, and hollo all come from the Middle-English word hali, meaning holy. The original Halliwells lived near a well pronounced holy by the Church and the waters of which were doubtless credited with miraculous powers of healing.

### An Animal Jig-Saw Puzzle



CUT out carefully the seven black pieces given here, and then rearrange them so as to form an ant-eater. The figure will appear white on a black background. Answer next week

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### Mrs. John Milton

Milton's third wife was very difficult to live with; but she had such a fair skin and such a fine complexion that a French gentleman, when paying a visit to the author of Paradise Lost, said to him:

"Mr. Milton, your wife has the freshness of the rose."

"That is very possible," replied the poet, sighing, "but I am blind and I feel only the thorns."

### Madame John Milton

La troisième femme de Milton avait un caractère difficile; mais sa peau était si belle et son teint si fin qu'un Français faisant une visite à l'auteur du Paradis Perdu lui dit:

"Monsieur Milton, votre femme a la fraîcheur d'une rose."

"C'est possible," reprit le poète en soupirant, "mais je suis aveugle et je n'en sens que les épines."

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE turkey-cock is strutting and gobbling. Young domestic pigeons are now being hatched out. The last of the hooded crows are flying off. The dor beetle makes its appearance.

Broods of small beetles are seen on the wing. The gooseberry and the quince are now in leaf. The apricot, navelwort, ivy-leaved speedwell, peach, and daffodil are in flower.



Looking South 6 p.m., March 9

### Hidden Flowers

HERE are clues to the names of eight flowers. Can you find them? Useful animals, and part of the mouth. A destructive animal, and a small article of dress. A word meaning precise, and a flower. A city, and a thing used in most houses. A bird of prey, and what gardeners dislike. Organs that keep us all alive, and rest. A singing bird, and a thing used by horsemen. To seize quickly, and a fabulous animal.

Answer next week

### How Liszt Wrote His Name

FRANZ LISZT, a Hungarian, was the greatest of all pianists. He made his name in Paris, and then as musical director at Weimar he made that city the musical centre of Germany. Later he entered the Church, and became known as the Abbé Liszt. He was a fine composer, but is best remembered by his settings of orchestral music for the piano.

Liszt was born in 1811 and died in 1886. This is how he wrote his name:

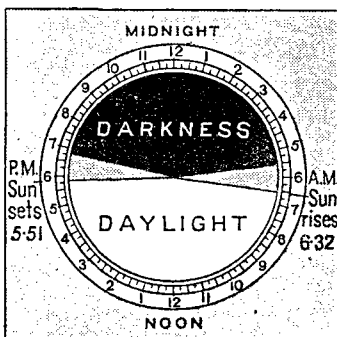
*F. Liszt*

### What Am I?

IN the castle but not in the moat,  
In the message but not in the note,  
In the lofty but not in the tall,  
In the fencing but not in the wall,  
In the printing but not in the ink,  
In the yellow but not in the pink,  
In the forest but not in the glen,  
In the pencil but not in the pen,  
In the country but not in the town,  
In the sceptre but not in the crown,  
In the resting but not in the sleep,  
My whole is a rule that all should keep.

Answer next week

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

## Jacko One Windy Day

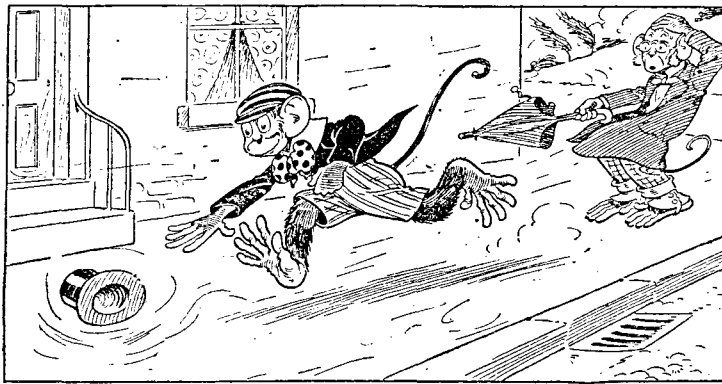
THERE was such a high wind blowing one day that Mrs. Jacko was almost afraid to put her head out of doors.

Jacko thought a windy day was great fun, especially if people's hats blew off and they had to run after them.

"I'm going out," he told his mother. "I shouldn't be surprised if I don't earn a sixpence or two."

It didn't take long to earn sixpence. An old lady had had her cloak so twisted round her by the wind that she couldn't move, and Jacko was to the rescue in a twinkling.

"Now then, ma'am," he said cheerfully, and he gave her a push and sent her spinning. She went round and round so fast that by the time she was properly untwisted she felt quite



The hat had got up a terrific speed

dizzy. All the same she managed to find a sixpence for Jacko.

The next happened to be an elderly gentleman who had lost his hat. "There it goes!" he called out. "Run after it, my lad, and I'll give you something for your pains."

Jacko ran after it. But the hat had got up a terrific speed, and after Jacko had chased it over a wall and under a motor-car it suddenly rolled through a doorway out of sight.

"Coo! I'll get it now!" cried Jacko.

But when he got inside the house he had quite a shock. There were dozens of hats lying about all over the place; in fact, the hat had rolled into a hat shop—the shop belonging to old Mr. Cripps the hatter.

Jacko picked up a hat from the floor and ran off with it. Just then Mr. Cripps reared himself up behind the counter.

"I thought so!" he said softly. "Who's a-thieving?" And he hurried to the door. But he was rather stout, and by the time he reached the street Jacko had disappeared.

Poor Mr. Cripps was very perplexed. He waddled this way and that, and at last, just as he was going along to the police-station, he caught sight of a hat he had seen before.

It was on the head of an elderly gentleman who was strolling calmly down the street.

Mr. Cripps could hardly believe his eyes.

"Hi, you there!" he cried. "You've got my hat on!"

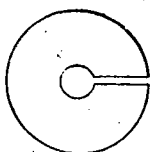
The gentleman was furious. They were both furious. In the end they called a policeman, and both talked so fast that the poor man found it impossible to understand what it was all about. When he had had enough he said if they didn't stop it he would take them in charge for making a disturbance.

Jacko watched it all from a safe distance. "Coo, I must have picked up the wrong hat," he murmured.

How it all ended he never knew.

### A Collar Stud Hint

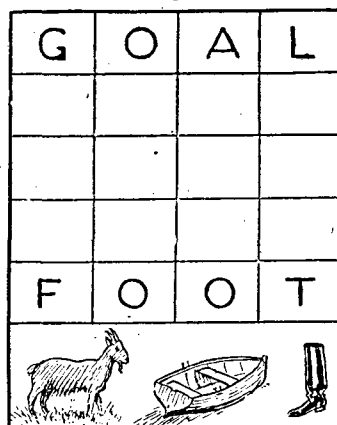
CUT out of thin cardboard a disc about the size of a shilling, make a small hole in the centre, and then cut from the outside of the disc to the hole, as seen in the picture. If the disc is placed round the neck of the stud after it has already been put through the collar it will be found that the knob will be prevented from slipping out of the collar holes.



### How the Greengage Got Its Name

THE greengage, green or yellow in colour and round in shape, has always been regarded as one of the choicest of plums. It was given its English name because it was introduced into Great Britain early in the eighteenth century by Sir William Gage, who found it in a French monastery garden.

### Changeling



Change the word Goal into Foot with only three intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

## DR. MERRYMAN

### Not What He Is Paid For

"I WANT you to come and sing for me in the United States," said the concert agent; "what are your terms?"

The great tenor named his fees for a series of fifty concerts, a colossal sum. The agent gasped.

"But that is just three times what we pay our President!" he exclaimed.

"Well, why don't you get your President to sing for you?" was the reply.

### The Best Way

ON a roof an escaped cockatoo asked a cat, "Oh, say, what shall I do?"

And the cat he made answer, "Cheer up if you can, sir, And ere morning I'll teach you to mew!"

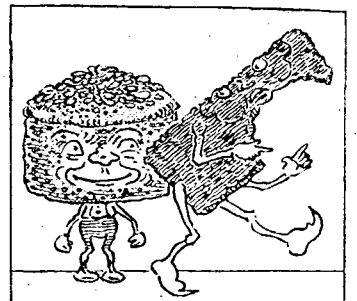
### When the Fish Bit

A MAN who knew nothing of fishing was taken out for a day's sport by a friend, who lent him rod and line. There was a long silence, and then the novice asked apologetically how much "those little red things" cost.

"The floats?" said his friend, "Oh, they're cheap enough. Why?"

"I owe you for one," was the reply; "mine's just sunk."

### Come-Alive Characters



### A Tea Table Escape

"WHILE there's a chance," said Piece-of-Toast,

"I think I'd better go. I'd rather not be eaten up Entirely, don't you know?"

The Plum-Cake smiled and, as his friend

Crept off, made this reply: "I see the proverb's true which says Once bitten is twice shy!"

### A Difficult Case

"JUST think of it!" exclaimed a lady who had come by train; "I sat in the train by a door with a broken pane of glass. I had the wind in my face all the time."

"You should have changed seats," said her friend.

"With whom?" she asked. "I was alone."

WHY is the letter Y like 9 inches? Because it is the fourth part of a yard.

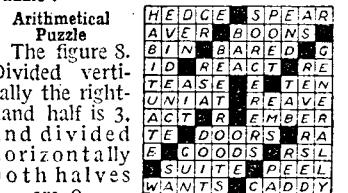
### Proverbs About Honesty

HONESTY is the best policy. A nod of an honest man is enough. Honest men fear neither the light nor the dark. An honest man's word is as good as his bond.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:



### A Riddle in Rhyme Lamp-post

### A Charade Asp-a-ragus



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

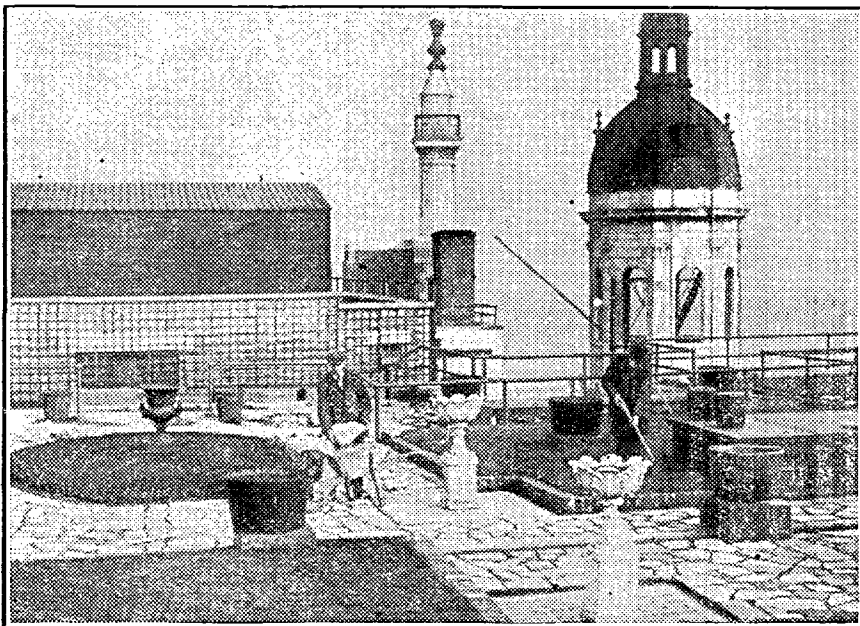
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 5, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

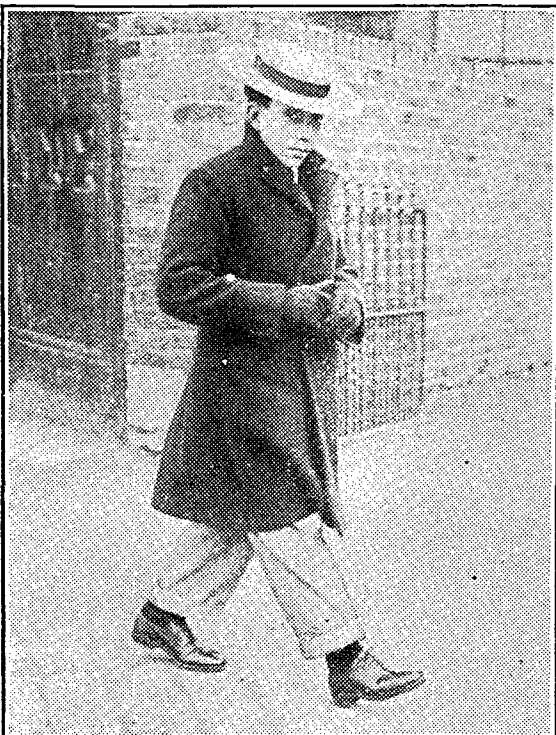
## ORCHARD ON A ROOF • MAYOR PLAYS PUSHBALL • POLICEMAN'S STOVE



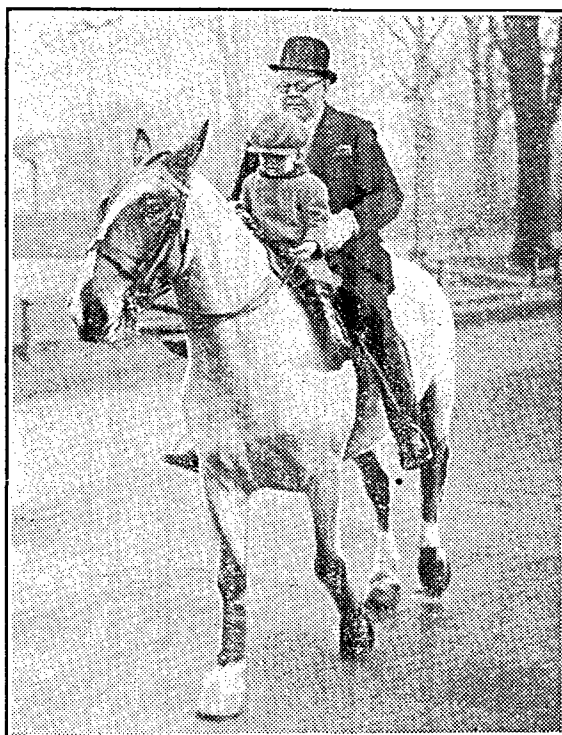
**Orchard on a City Roof**—At Adelaide House, near London Bridge, a garden with lawns, flower-beds, and fruit trees is being laid out on the roof, which is 140 feet above the street



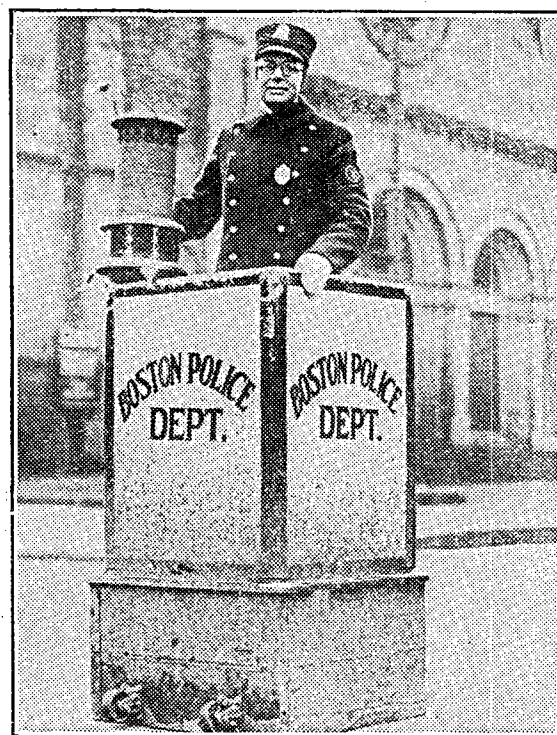
**A Mayor Plays Pushball**—During the Civic Week at Fulham, London, a pushball match was played between the police and the fire brigade, and here we see the mayor starting the game



**A King's Son at Harrow**—This picture shows Prince Ghazi, the son of King Feisal of Irak, on his way to lessons at Harrow School, where he is now studying in the third form



**A First Lesson in Riding**—Every boy longs to ride a horse, and in this picture we see a small boy enjoying his first riding lesson on his father's horse in Hyde Park, London



**A Traffic Policeman's Stove**—This American policeman in Boston has a stove to keep him warm. The stand gives him a wider view and also protects him from mud splashes



**Soldier's Four Years in a Wardrobe**—During the retreat from Mons a British soldier was lost behind the German lines, and for four years Mme. Belmont-Gobert and her daughter concealed him in a cupboard, which is shown in this Daily Telegraph picture. See page 4



**London's Monster**—At the Crystal Palace there are a number of metal reconstructions of the extinct creatures that lived in the days before man. Every year they are spring cleaned, and here we see some of the Crystal Palace police hauling one of the monsters out of a pond

## THE EVERLASTING MOVEMENT OF MATTER—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/R